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THE WAY.

BY VIDA VENTURE.

Nay, pilgrim; nay;
It is a narrow way;
Cumbered with self and sin,
Thou canst not walk therein.
Thy foot hath pressed
Earth's highway of unrest;
Thy sandals, worn and vile,
May not this way defile.
Yet stay; oh stay;
Thou needst not turn away;
Throw down thy sin, and see
How wide the way for thee.
Art sick? Poor soul!
Jesus can make the whole;
Bathed in your crimson flow,
Thou shalt be white as snow.
The way is free
For all mankind—for thee.
List! though thou comest late,
Fair Mercy's at the gate!
Nay, wanderer; nay;
Christ is the only way;
Hither, nor farther roam;
His love shall light thee home.

FEATHERS FROM A FLYING WING.

BY GILBERT HAYEN.

Caught among the snows of Northern Iowa, for a Saturday's rest I may dissolve an hour into an essay—probably to myself, perhaps, if to no one else. A revisit for a week or two still lies, partly to aid some of the Churches in raising a little money, partly to aid myself in liquidating two large obligations for churches and schools, finds me, strangely enough, with a whole day at my disposal. I expected to have been riding all day to meet another appointment; but I exchanged one service there for three here, with the release of a hundred miles' ride in the cars as the *quid* for *pro*, having, in the stead, a ten miles' ride across the prairies, in the teeth, and very biting teeth, too, of an arctic nor-wester. This is the first day for the last week that I am not booked for a speech or a sermon. Only last Saturday, in the nice city of Dubuque, the pastor of the First Church very generously offered me the privilege of lecturing Saturday night, preaching and administering the Sacrament Sabbath morning, addressing a Bible class and Sabbath-school an hour in the afternoon on Palestine, and preaching in the evening! And this, too, with engagements before me for every day in the week, except Saturday! He was one of "we uns"—an Arkansian; that accounted for his generosity. A close-fisted Yankee would have never been so open-handed. I was compelled, greatly to my regret, to decline all, except the lecture and the morning sermon, with the Palestinian tour contracted into ten minutes.

The run since, hither and yon, across these northern Iowa lines, finds me this Saturday noon at the seat of the Northwestern Iowa University, at Fayette, and in the library of its president, Rev. J. W. Bissell. A pretty outlook from these windows gives "quite considerable" hills, tipped, in some instances, with woods—a cozy, romantic, school-like spot. The big building of stone is its college. The acres about are its endowment. Could it cash the latter, at city prices, it could duplicate and quadruplicate the former.

The history of this college illustrates not a little how such institutions happen to be where they are. A rich farmer, worldly, and anti-everything religious and educational, had a devout wife. They wanted their children educated. She confers with her pastor as to where to send them. "You need not send them at all," is the reply; "build your school here." Her husband is interested via his wife, and partly as a speculation, partly for his children, puts up the building. His son-in-law, a leading member of our Church, shares in the spirit and the liberality, and the senior gives not less than thirty thousand dollars, the junior twenty-five, the

giver gets his reward, for he is happily contented in the college chapel, and d'es triumph. His wife, the true *alma mater* of the college, still lives, and seems as deeply interested in the institution as she was before it began to be. Brother Alexander, the founder, and Brother Robinson, the co-founder, are thus responsible for the existence of this "university." Of course the thought as to whether it could not have been more wisely located will obtrude itself; but so it does at Williams and Amherst and Middletown and Dartmouth; so it does even on the cramped campus of Yale and of Harvard. Fayette has as good and great expectations as any of her sister prairie spots (in some respects better), and it may yet struggle through, and be, in time, as big as the biggest, which biggest were as small as it is when no farther along in years. Dr. William Brush, now of Texas, has been its principal intellectual founder, and his young successor wears his honors well; while his co-workers, Prof's Ingham, Vane, and others, are as good teachers as I have seen at greater schools.

Right here I might make another note about that State University question, on which my good brother, Dr. Fellows, took me up so sharp, and which, with your clothes, not mine, gave me a double pull at the bit in the same number of the HERALD. I find this controversy had broken out before my coming hither, and that I had unwittingly touched a sore spot not yet healed. Only a year ago a controversy broke out in *The Northwestern* on the occasion of one of those sharp and just and powerful editorials with which it is apt to abound, touching, in this case, the propriety of Christians supporting a Christian college, and the Christian State sustaining anti-Christian education. Our good brother, who took me up for asserting the super-Methodism of the students, as in contrast with the sub-Methoism of the Faculty, in the issue of *The Northwestern* of the date of Jan. 28, 1874, declares, as a proof of the benefit of the State University to Methodists, that "of 350 students in the collegiate department last term, over one hundred came from Methodist families." He also adds: "Last June 19 graduated from the collegiate department for the degree of A. B., 14 of whom were professors of religion, and 9 of them were Methodists." This shows either a very great change between January and October of the same year, or a re-putting of the argument, to cover a new point. If Methodists were so numerous as to have nine fourteenths of the Christian graduates in the year before, and probably that same ratio of all the graduates (for the five non-professors were as likely to have the same proportion of Methodist origin as the religious portion), with a one and half of my asserted three fourths, and more than twice as many as all other Churches put together, there must have been a remarkable change in eight little months to bring them to less than one fifth of the whole number, and only a little more than half the number of the two rival, and as far as college honors goes, superior Churches. "Over one hundred," out of three hundred of it, is also a greater proportion than later figures allow. Our brother will have to compare himself with himself, even at the risk of coming out where such comparisons, the Scriptures saith, usually terminate.

That was a week ago to-day. Now the study is transformed into a caboose of a car near Keokuk. I have ran literally, though with other feet and legs than my own, clear across the State in that seven days, talking every night and riding every day, until I find myself at the opposite end of the State; and at that I do not object, for a colder week I have seldom—nay, never seen. All the warmth of Iowa coal and company (and there are none elsewhere warmer) has not been quite sufficient to keep up the temperature which in Southern bloods, in our weakness, craves. That Sunday, the last, I rode ten miles across the prairies, facing the steel-cut, icy air, that bit nose and ear, or ere one knows it. (Don't note any pun here.)

But the warm greeting at West Union put out the cold with its heat. What strikes one strangely in these comparatively new towns, is the superlatively old culture. Here is a village on the prairies, which is denominated "a Little Washington," so active is it in political matters. Just now it rejoices in a newly-elected member of Congress, who was a student of Cazenovia. It might also be called a "Little Boston," for it has its scientific club, and its all sorts of thinkers, as vagarous and self-confident, not to say self-conceited, as that unconceited centre could boast of, if it ever boasted.

The brother who took me over—a gray-bearded farmer from Vermont years ago—was president of the scientific club, and much of his talk was on those themes. The *Popular Science Monthly*, and other such works, lay on his table. He was strictly orthodox,

and Prof. Youmans and ex-Methodist Draper will have small success in swinging him from his Gospel moorings. Dr. Fuller—lawyer, banker, doctor, and minister—is another proof of the facility of the West in succeeding in everything. The minister who holds these forces in hand is equal to the situation. Rev. Mr. Berry is a scholarly man, who can reason and read as well as the best, and can sing as no scientist ever dreamed in his utmost possibility of evolution. He sung "Almost Persuaded" at the close of the evening services, as well as any of the most famous preacher-singers from the days of Maffitt and Father Merrill, and a good ways back, to these of the latest stars—Lozier and McCabe.

Next night ten miles farther north, as near the North Pole as I cared to get. In fact, the North Pole was poking its thermometer into our faces, down below the twenties, and still on the down grade! Here too, at Clermont, is culture and the past. The good brother and his wife, from New York twenty years ago and more, the State Senator, relatives of Prof. Larabee, the host—a miller, who eats his best flour, as well as sells it, and who sends east a hundred barrels a day of highest brands—the preacher, who drove the best horse, and in the newest cutter (a Christmas present from his people), showed that it was possible to find worse places than Clermont.

With thermometer at 29 deg. below zero next morning, it was doubtful if colder places could be found. Yet so still was the air that we tried that preacher's four hundred-dollar horse and new cutter, even to the riding to the top of the hill and the top of its speed. Thirty minutes satisfied me of that experiment. With every part protected, but the eyes, one can endure it that long—in fact, some pay no regard to it, and run round without an overcoat and only a muffler, and not always that.

By parenthesis, will some scientist tell us how the eye were so differentiated or developed or evolved from common protoplasm that they alone of our external organs seem practically insensitive to cold? And will they tell how Nature so guessed it out that these should be the only organs essential to use in such circumstances? I hope some of our good Methodist Darwinians will crack us that nut. Of course they know!

But Keokuk is here, and I must stop. But I cannot put up the pencil before I congratulate my Boston brothers over the grand words of their Preachers' Meeting on the national situation. How often have its words rung out for the direction of the nation! but never better than now. The Church must speak the word bravely. Our country must be saved by the men of to-day. Yesterday for yesterday's heroes; to-day for to-day's.

No man sees the situation better than the President; and if Phillips commands the country, which has followed him so long, may well pause before he condemns. The South must be saved by the "sleeping giant," as Sumner styled the opening clause in the Constitution. That is the duty of to-day. Thank God that our Massachusetts ministry leads the column in its declaration.

WAITING ON GOD.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

This age is one of hurry and bustle. It is active, not meditative. Good people are full of work for the Lord, while they take very little time to think about Him, or bow adoringly before Him. Enterprises of benevolence are pushed with enthusiasm, and there is great interest in religious events, but the quiet contemplation of eternal themes and the silent worship of Almighty God are well nigh forgotten. The type of religious conversation which prevails in ministerial and other circles will be found to run almost wholly on topics external to the inner life. It is *doing* good, not being good, which absorbs attention. It is the bringing men into the kingdom, and not the aiming at perfection in holiness, which is commonly held up as the all important matter.

Now, these two things, and these two general aspects of Christian life—the active and the contemplative—are by no means opposed to each other; on the contrary they are a mutual aid; they each supplement the other's deficiencies; they are both needed to constitute a symmetrical whole. Hence, in calling attention to the latter, and expressing our conviction that it deserves far greater prominence at the hands of the Church than it at present receives, we do not at all depreciate the former.

Nothing is lost in any labor by taking time to get ready. The professional man who rushes unprepared, or half prepared, into his arduous duties, pays for his undue zeal with many a bitter hour of repentance, and the constant consciousness of inefficiency. The mechanic, so far from decreasing, greatly enhances the success of his work by

looking well to his tools beforehand, and stopping occasionally to sharpen or adjust them. We heard an excellent mathematician once say, that if he had but five minutes given him in which to solve a problem, he would take three to decide on the best way of going to work. It is precisely the same in spiritual matters as in intellectual and physical. The manner of putting forth effort is of more consequence than the absolute amount put forth. A little strength, rightly applied, tells more effectively than a giant's under other circumstances. Hence, what we are, quite as much as what we do, is of use in the advancement of Christ's kingdom; for when we are in complete union with God our very weakness becomes infinite power.

What the Church chiefly needs to-day, then, is more *waiting on God*. Hereby comes her strength, even as the prophet said, "they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." They shall build a solid, durable, substantial edifice of character, not to be toppled over with the first hurricane of temptation, or undermined by the sweeping torrents of trouble. They shall become so rooted that the sun of prosperity will have no power to cause them to wither, nor the storm of adversity to lay them low. Deep convictions, firm principles, steady feelings come only by much meditation. Only thus results heavenly mindedness and a profound realization of the other world. Only thus can we draw out the treasures of Scripture, and incorporate them into our religious life, making our life calm, beautiful and majestic, as well as most fruitful in blessing. Not otherwise can we suck the sweets or inhale the inspiration of prayer. A few hurried moments spent at the throne of grace, or a brief business-like interview with the Lord, are of little avail for securing permanent results. Such cannot be called "fellowship with the Father." It goes but little way toward securing that inestimable boon longed for by every true child of God, uninterrupted communion with the Lord. It approaches very faintly that adoring praise which we know to be the chief employment in the heavenly courts. Ah, no; if we wish to get forgetfulness of that bliss, if we wish to revel in the continual feast of the felt, recognized presence of God, we must wait on Him.

The figure of the Psalmist helps us to understand what this means. "Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God." The servant waits in the presence of his master, or in his ante-chamber, within easy call—silent, attentive, ready at the least command to spring for its prompt execution. He does not fret if unemployed, nor murmur if continual demands are made upon him. It is enough that he is well pleasing in the sight of him to whom his devotion is due. If he be permitted to look upon the master's face, that is joy, that is life; for thence comes favor and promotion. It is related of the Earl of Torrington, who commanded the English fleet in 1690, and was defeated in a conflict with the French, that King William was greatly incensed against him, and denounced him to Parliament. He was tried by court-martial, and honorably acquitted; but the king deprived him of his command and forbade him his presence. The latter was doubtless felt to be the crowning indignity and mark of severe displeasure. It was felt then, as in the old, old times of Solomon, "he that waiteth on his master shall be honored." The King of saints never forgets His servants to come before Him, or remain even at His right hand. But alas, they usually forbid themselves, through a failure to appreciate the high privilege. How can we be "changed into the same image" unless we stand, with open, unveiled face gaze at His glory? How can we learn to know Him intimately unless we are much with Him? And how can we become wholly like Him unless we cultivate continually that close fellowship which such vast assimilating power? As the angels wait before Him, bowed in silent adoration, and in Him live and move, so should we. As the ransomed hosts above count it the prime element of their highest happiness that He is ever with them, so may we. Thus shall our heart be His perpetual home, our activity ceaseless, yet full of rest, and our life all fair and sweet and fragrant.

A QUESTION OF JURISDICTION.

BY REV. S. R. DENNIS, D. D.

Times and circumstances emphasize truth. The morality of business can never be understood on the flood-tide of success; it is illumined and set in relief only by depression and panic. Now, then, when we have waded the surging stream, and the water begins to shoal, it is a good time to review the past, and treasure up its lessons.

The first question is one of jurisdiction (it is often an embarrassing question to our courts, and none the less so in morals and religion): What has religion to do with business? Some thing, nothing—just according to your stand-point. If this life is all, nothing. If there is a life beyond, transcendently more important than this, dependent as to its final issues upon this, much every way. Are business and religion co-ordinate, or antagonistic? The former, beyond a question. The decay in business which led to the present crisis, the dry rot which speaks so much of our exchanges, comes from the divorce of these helpmates. They work well together, and ought never to be separated, for any cause. It is no part of the province of religion to teach the technicalities of business; this belongs to our schools. She has no deliverances upon the natural laws of trade, nor does she meddle with the problem of supply and demand; this wisdom is purely a worldly wisdom. The technical parts of business, or a profession, are too thoroughly taught in our schools of all grades to need, or brook a word from religion.

Where, then, does the jurisdiction of religion begin? Business has a moral as well as technical and economic side. There is a future as well as a present to be made rich and royal by the fruits of worldly toil. Forces are here set in motion which run on, parallel with the soul's immortality. Habits are formed in our various callings which cling to us while eternity lasts. Taint or glory comes from our business which dimms or adorns us down all the cycles of our existence. It is at this point religion touches business with the high morality and ethics of heaven. It brings down that endless and grander life into this, and plays into and all through our worldly affairs. It raises our business conduct and maxims into the calm, corrective light of divine truth, and lays the invisible side by side with the visible, showing us how the eternal pervades the temporal, as light the universe, and air the cavities of the sun.

We are citizens of two worlds. We are to transact our business, then, so it shall not impinge upon, or impair our character and prospects in the great unseen. We need to know how to manage our affairs so as to enrich our souls and prepare them to enter and enjoy heaven more, vastly more, than we need to know the laws and dependencies of trade and the elements of worldly success.

Almost any one, by patient study and experience, can master the most complex business. We conquer the laws of nature, harness the forces of steam and electricity, and make them do our drudgery and supply us with motive power; we compel the lightning to carry our messages, and the sun to paint our pictures; we triumph over seeming impossibilities, conquer time and space, and are masters of the globe on which we live. But what is there permanent in all this? Crap hangs on the doors of our warehouses and manufactories to-morrow, while the hearse stands at the doors of our dwelling. What then? Man is a duality: his soul, constitutionally wrong, must be reorganized, educated in spiritual things and themes, and taught how to live here, that he may live forever. Compelled, as we are by our Creator and the imperious necessities of our lot, to labor with both hands and brain, we require most of all to know how we can act our part so as to make our labor avail us in both worlds, so that we can walk with our God while we work in our callings.

This is it which religion proposes to teach us; here her jurisdiction commences. She introduces us into the presence of a power before which all other powers pale and vanish away—the powers of an endless life, a life to be determined, in its happiness or sorrow, by present conduct. She brings us into fellowship with the carpenter's Son, who cleanses us in His precious blood, inspires us with His presence, cheers us by His example, guides us with His counsel; and, when earth's business is over, receives us to glory, and crowns us as kings.

I do not undervalue second causes, nor disparage a thorough business education; but I do most earnestly counsel business men at this critical hour to supplement all business and professional culture with celestial motives and forces, and bring into their horizon the facts of the Judgment and eternity. No amount of goodness, I am sure, will make a successful business man of a dolt or sluggard. Religion neither supplies brain nor tact. I have no such doctrine to bring. There are human armories, where men may thoroughly equip themselves for all industrial and professional pursuits, and spring forth into the arena ready for the earnest work before them.

This is not all. There must be high moral principle, the sober second thought which accountability to God supplies. This is what has been forgotten in the past. There is something a ship needs besides masts and yards

and canvass and streamers. Even her sextant and quadrant and compass are not enough. She must have competent steering apparatus, else she becomes, however elaborately gotten up and richly freighted, only a piece of splendid drift-wood. So does the best and most competent man need the motives, principles and prospects religion supplies to guide and elevate whatever of brains and culture he may possess, and give a right trend to his business.

To this extent has religion jurisdiction in business. God is at the helm, and sooner or later He will manifest His attention to human affairs, and cast men into bankruptcy and disaster who push on without Him.

IN COUNTRY CHURCHES.

BY PROF. GEO. PRENTICE.

Some weeks ago I spent a Sunday near my early home. It was a cheerless November day. The morning broke clear and cold. It was a comfort to stroll again in the familiar paths, look at the houses whose inmates I had once known, pass the school-house where my early lessons in life and letters had been taken, and stray in leafless but peaceful forests. The memories thus aroused were mostly pleasant, though their pleasure had a tinge of sadness. These homes are now mostly occupied by the sons of their former owners, and a fresh generation of children sports where we once sported. The men whom I knew are either asleep in the quiet burial-ground, or survive as old and toil-bowed men. Some of my old companions have fallen by the wayside, while others have wandered far away. Those who remain on the old farms lead the same simple lives their fathers led, and are rearing families on the old hard-working plan. It was the spectacle of such scenes that drew from the sacred writer the natural reflection, "one generation cometh, and another generation cometh, and there is nothing new under the sun."

As the time for worship approached the old impulse assailed me to frequent the house of God. I started for the nearest church. The sky had turned gray, and the first snow-flakes of the season showed themselves fitfully in the air. The ponds were ice-bound, and impatient boys forgot the New England reverence for Sunday, in their eagerness to try the delights of skating. The church to which my steps were directed stands on a gentle eminence, and fronts the village. The population is largely made up of factory operatives and mechanics. Of these a considerable percentage are foreign and Catholic. Being somewhat early, I had opportunity to note the interior of the church, and watch the assembling of the people. The church is plainness itself. The worshippers drop in by fannies. The day is bleak, and the congregation hardly numbers forty. Yet the service proceeds with due form and decorum. Never do I hear the Episcopal service read without feeling the charm of its simplicity and grandeur. Those ancient prayers are full of a beautiful Christian piety. The solemn invocation of divine aid, that we may remember and keep the law of God, is always touching and religious.

The full service was read, and well read; the few worshippers might readily enough have gathered comfort and consolation from it. Doubtless they did. The figure of the priest, in his cleanly sacerdotal robes, was dignified. I should not give my full impressions without saying that the sermon was worthless. It was hardly ten minutes long; was pointless, aimless and disconnected. Under it the congregation could not have felt the grapple of truth upon its heart and life. I went away somewhat pained. All that was good in the impressions of that sacred hour was a reverberation from distant ages. The clergyman was apparently not in personal contact with the truth, and hence had no divine power over the hearts around him. There were people enough within easy distance of the church to have filled it, but no attraction of spiritual life drew them to its worship. They were idle and sinful on that holy day.

In the afternoon I was present at another service, at no great distance from the church visited in the morning. The structure was of brick, unpretending without, neat and pleasant within; less favorably located for an audience than the other; it was thronged. The reason was not at once clear. Some facts obviously would have led to a different state of things. There was a lack of good sense in an over-gaudy picture, behind the pulpit, of the immersion of John the Baptist. The minister was adorned with a heavy watch-chain, and a massive gold cross dangled against his breast. His voice, naturally pleasant, was often strained till it ran up into falsetto tone. He could not read the Scriptures, pronounced a hymn, nor pray without betraying a very defective education. The sermon was long, ill-digested and

ill read. It contained theological notions and scientific theories, which could only have been got together in some mouldy theological library. The Queen's English was shamefully treated. The word dissolution was perhaps uttered a hundred times, and every time it was desolating.

Yet the church was full, and the people were interested. Why? Because the preacher had one quality which went far to redeem all his faults. He plainly enough knew and loved the Saviour; hence he loved souls, and was anxious to bring them to Christ. His prayer was red-hot. Whenever he forgot his learned rubbish, and tried to come at the consciences before him, he succeeded. Sitting where I could quietly observe the people, it was curious to notice their brightening faces under such appeals. When he desired to comfort and encourage saint or sinner he did it with ease and skill. The no-does read showed that he was in earnest with his work. The whole secret of his success is in the fact that he believes, and therefore speaks. I came away religiously edified and comforted.

On my way home I pondered the experiences of the day. I could but wish that the ritual of the morning had been informed with the Spirit of God. The Episcopal service may be made, and should be made a true message of the Spirit. I have heard it read when it seemed to have hands, and to bear a sword. When the clergyman is content with decency and propriety he has surely missed his highest function.

On the other hand, the preacher in the afternoon should add knowledge to his zeal and faith. His evident usefulness would thus grow. The rarest gifts may find their best use in setting forth the glory of Christ. True, "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God." Still, it seems right to put the heavenly treasure in the choicest of our earthen vessels. Take porcelain, if you have it; use alabaster, if you may; accept common pottery only when you have nothing better. Had the zealous preacher joined skill with fire in his preaching, he might have had valuable adherents in his Church who were not there.

The result of this reconnaissance is that the means of grace are not wanting in the country so much as courage and patience in making them effectual. There are Churches enough and meet, ings enough and ministers enough to put the land into a blaze of light and salvation. Nor do I mean to imply that a man seeking Christ need fail to find Him under such religious services as I attended—only the business might be more earnestly brought home to the bosoms of men.

People are intensely engaged through the week in business and social duties. The prizes within the reach of ambition are too rich not to make men eager in their pursuit. Political questions interest and embitter the public mind. To reach and save souls amid such influences the full energy of the preacher, leavened with the grace of the Holy Spirit, must be brought to bear. Culture and grace, wisdom and devotion, man's power and God's benediction, in their highest strain, must combine to most effectually set Christ before a lost world. How appropriate! may Christians join in Jeremy Taylor's prayer for all ministers of the Word: "Grant, O Lord, that by a holy life and a true belief, by well doing and patient suffering, they may glorify Thee, the great lover of souls, and, after a plentiful conversion of sinners from the errors of their ways, they may shine like the stars in glory. Amen."

GEMS.

There is a zeal which is nothing more than eagerness to maintain our own opinion, cause, or party, simply because it is ours, and we expect to stand or fall with it, and not because conscience bids. From this come strife and contention about points of difference. The issue is division. Since neither will yield, they separate. This accords with man's fashion. Just as if Christianity was an affair of schools, and sects, or as if one could act in the Church just as he does in the political world, where factions and jealousies abound.—Heubner.

Every one thinks his party has the kernel and others only the shell. Whereas they are all apt to let the kernel alone and dispute about the shell, as if that were the kernel.—Gosner.

Tolerance is a word which should not be spoken among Christians; for toleration is a very proud, intolerant word.—Heubner.

The heights of earthly promotion and glory lift us no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lowly vale of humiliation and sorrow.—Poor.

The more God empties your hands of other works, the more you may know He has special work to give them.—Garrett.

ZION'S HERALD.

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OUR BOOK CONCERN.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.

Our Book Concern, which was started eighty-five years ago, on a borrowed capital of six hundred dollars, has grown, like a magnificent oak from its parent acorn, into a gigantic publishing house. It has a most honorable record, having steadily increased its capital, the amount of its business, and the magnitude of its profits, without a serious mishap. Other publishing houses have been blown over or embarrassed by the many adverse commercial gales which have so often swept over the country; but our Book Concern has never suspended payments, had a note protested, nor sought an extension for its paper. Without claiming perfection for its management, it may, with respect to its thrift, success, mercantile credit, and the magnitude of its transactions, safely challenge comparison with any individual or corporate book publishing establishment in the country. The purpose of its founders was to provide the Church with a Christian and denominational literature at a period when the number of Methodists was too small, and their general poverty too well-known, to invite the trade to venture its capital in an attempt to supply their limited literary needs.

But circumstances are changing—have changed, indeed, very materially. The modern traveling preacher, affecting a higher dignity than that of our founder and fathers, scorns the work of circulating books. Theoretically, he does not deny the value of a good book, as an auxiliary to his preaching, but practically he neglects to circulate it, through fear that doing so would lower him in the estimation of his people. They do not even see that their Sunday-school libraries are supplied from that source, but deliberately leave their librarians or other officers to buy from the trade, not such books as will benefit, but such as they think will be popular with the children.

Another fact bearing unfavorably on the Book Concern is the decline of denominational feeling, notably characteristic of the times, and strikingly evident among our own people. In earlier days, when Methodism was weak, despised, assailed by older sects, and compelled to do battle for existence and progress, books distinctively Methodist were felt to be a necessity. Its doctrines and polity had to be explained and defended, and its experience to be illustrated in books. But now that its polity is better understood, its doctrines preached in pulpits which once derided them, and its religious life accepted and enjoyed by evangelical sects generally, there is less need felt for a distinctively Methodist literature.

These facts show that the theory upon which the Book Concern was founded is no longer tenable. It is, indeed, becoming less and less operative yearly, so far as books are concerned. With our periodicals it is otherwise. Happily, their existence is considered a Church necessity by both preachers and people, and they, therefore, are enjoying brilliant success. But our book business, though still immense in the aggregate, unsupported by the active agency of the preachers, or by a strenuous demand from the people, and cut into by the zealous activity of the trade, is doomed to serious diminution unless some new methods are introduced for its support.

Some critics overlook the fact that those preachers who neglect the disciplinary duty of selling our books are disposed to exaggerate what they consider the inefficiency of the Book Concern, and to pronounce very severe anathemas on the "Book Agents." With regard to the former, we incline to think the efficiency of the Book Concern—under the circumstances—is a subject of wonder rather than censure. Among its numerous issues of the past few years we find the "Land of the Veda," a large, costly octavo, reaching a sale of between 4,000 and 5,000 copies; "Anecdotes of the Wesleys," nearly 5,000; "Pleasant Pathways," 16,500; "Primer of Pulpit Orators," nearly 4,000; "Garden of Sorrows," over 4,500; "Hunt's Rationalism" (published jointly with a prominent New York house), 2,000 copies, while the other house sold under 1,700 copies. The same outside house also undertook the sale of Pressense's works in connection with the Book Concern, and took 1,250 copies, while the latter disposed of nearly 4,000. Its sale of such books as the Lives of Finley and Peter Cartwright was immense, far exceeding that of Father Taylor, by a private house in Boston. How it accomplishes so much, in view of the dereliction of its legitimate agents, is, to say the least, a matter of grateful surprise. What house in the trade can make a better showing?

Critics of the Book Concern censure it because some Methodist authors give their productions to outside publishers. With what justice? Such authors comprehend that the Book Concern is not intended to furnish books for the reading public generally, but only for the Methodist Episcopal Church. Consequently when a writer desires to speak to the general public he naturally and properly seeks a house which has ready access to it. If he have a Church reputation, his books are called for by his own people, and they are cheerfully supplied with them, by the Agents.

But this brings us to the main charge brought by the critics against the Book Concern. They claim that it ought to create facilities for publishing its publications into the general market, as is done by leading houses in the trade.

Admitting, for argument's sake, the desirableness of such a step, we ask, Can it be done? "Certainly, certainly," respond our enthusiastic critics; "all things are possible to a Church with such a capital as is represented by the Book Concern." Perhaps so; perhaps not. We inquire,—

1. When and where has the Church expressed its desire to have the Concern compete with the book trade for the patronage of the general reading public? So far as we know, no General Conference has ever expected the Concern to do, or attempt to do, anything beyond supplying our own people and our own Sunday-schools with suitable books and papers. Outside patronage is merely incidental in its policy. An experiment seeking to make it an end would require the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars—an outlay the Agents have no authority to make, and we venture the prediction it will never be given to them by any future General Conference.

2. We inquire, Could the reading public generally be persuaded to buy its literature from a Methodist publishing house? We answer, No; nor from any other Church establishment.

3. We inquire, Would the trade generally consent to such competition? The reply must be in the negative. It may not be known to our critics, but it is a fact, that the trade is now very hostile to the Concern. An avowed purpose on the part of the latter to compete with it for a general business would unite it in such a refusal to afford it the usual amenities of the business as would make its success impossible.

But our critics demand of the Book Concern a trial of the canvassing, or agency system. There is but one objection to this, and that is the improbability of its success. The experience of our colporteurs has always proved that it is next to impossible to sell a book bearing the Book Concern imprint, except to Methodists or their sympathizers, no matter how unsectarian it may be. Others will say, "a Methodist book, eh? We are not Methodists. We don't want it." If our critics think otherwise, let them make an experiment. The Agents will give them their choice of a field, and allow them a liberal discount. In fact, we are not sure that they will not try it themselves.

What then? Is there to be no improvement in the book trade of the Concern? That depends on two conditions: 1, on a return of our preachers to the ancient fidelity of our fathers to this interest; 2, on the disposition of our people to buy our publications, our Sunday-school books especially. These two requirements are linked. The preachers must inform and persuade the people, who will, when so informed, cheerfully sustain the Book Concern, and thus enable it to fulfill its function of supplying the Church with sound, wholesome literature. If the preachers will not do it, and the General Conference can devise no other method of reaching our people, we see no other result than a diminution of our book business. If our own people cannot be persuaded to look to the Book Concern for their literature it is vain to expect that others will become its patrons. The question certainly demands very serious consideration by the ensuing General Conference. — *Christian Advocate.*

THE MEETINGS AT MONTMEYRAN, FRANCE.

The religious meetings held at Montmeyran, from the 23d to the 27th of November, have left a feeling of deep gratitude towards God upon our hearts. These four days were wholly devoted to prayer, study of the Bible, and self-examination, and faith; they will leave an indelible impression upon our memories and religious experiences. We say, without any exaggeration, that we have seen and experienced nothing in all our past lives comparable to that God has enabled us to see and experience in these assemblies, and we know, for others as well as ourselves, they mark a happy crisis in our religious experience. It would be pleasant to convey to our readers a mere echo of all we have heard, and to make them sharers in some measure in the spiritual blessings we have enjoyed. We seem to have passed these days on Tabor, and feel, in recurring to these memories, something of the joy which one of the witnesses of the transfiguration experienced when he wrote, "we were eye witnesses of His majesty, and this voice which came from heaven we heard when we were with Him in the holy mount."

The village of Montmeyran, about ten miles from Valence, was well chosen as a place for such a religious company as that gathered there. The Reformed Church of that locality is one of the most spiritual of any we know. It has been blessed in having a succession of pious and zealous pastors. Earnest Christians are active and numerous there. It is one of those rare Churches where revival is continuous. It had the privilege of welcoming, twenty-two years ago, the Evangelical Alliance meetings, which were the beginning of the awakening in the department of Drome. There is now hope that Montmeyran will be once more the cradle of a revival.

The eagerness to profit by these gatherings manifested by the religious public of Drome and Ardèche was truly touching. The chapel of Montmeyran, holding over eight hundred persons, has been continually filled these four days. Each morning, by every road which leads to the village, might be seen long lines of men and women who have come great distances, having started in the night. One

morning, as we reached the 9 o'clock prayer-meeting, we met young men who had walked some twenty or thirty miles to come. We heard a very interesting circumstance narrated: One young man of Ardèche was so touched by the first day's meetings that he felt impelled to share with his family the good he had received; so he set out after the evening meeting, traveling part of the night on foot to his relations, and the other part in bringing them to Montmeyran.

Over fifty ministers took part in these meetings. Most were from the neighborhood; several came from Gard, others from Paris, and from the south-east. Ecclesiastical and theoretical questions were excluded, and the energies of the meeting were turned in the direction of sanctification. The subject around which we were joined together was this grand question of sanctification by faith, which is at last the pre-occupying subject of the Church, and we hope will never disappear from it. Our brother, Theodore Monod, said, "we are not come here in this first sitting to study a theory of sanctification. We have found ourselves in the presence of this fact, of Christians stronger or more joyous than ourselves, and we want to discover this strength for ourselves. We have not come here to find something, but some one, and that is the One who seeks us."

We have rarely seen meetings where such a spirit of prayer reigned. One supplication followed another, in living, touching tones; they overflowed from hearts that felt their misery, yet had faith in God's promises. It was difficult to break up the meetings, so many voices rose in prayer and intercession. The moments of silent prayer were blessed at Montmeyran as they were in Paris, and we know that at those solemn times more than one soul was entirely given to the Saviour. Many oppressed hearts were set free, many troubled consciences tranquilized.

Many spontaneous witnesses broke forth, after the second day, as though to prove the Spirit of God was in the midst of us. But especially on the "last and great day of the feast" witnesses were raised up. Some one had been reading of the cure of the ten lepers, and drawn our attention to the conduct of the one who returned to give glory to God, when a brother gave thanks for the good he had received. Then there was a moment of silence. "And the nine others, where are they?" asked the brother who was presiding. Then one after another arose, cured lepers, to glorify the infinite mercy shown to them. This was a solemn hour which we can never forget. The Spirit of God moved on our hearts, and led us by faith to a clearer understanding of and greater surrender to His will.

The good accomplished during these wonderful days will only be known at the last great day. But we have seen enough to know the good as general as it was deep. Souls found peace in Christ, many others found a full salvation through a full faith. The tears and sadness that covered so many faces were replaced towards the close with serenity and joy. "Tears come in the evening, and a song of triumph in the morning." We have confidence to believe that there was scarcely a Christian who came to Montmeyran who did not carry away with him some grace imparted by the Saviour, and who will not date a renewed Christian life from this time.

We tremble with joy and hope in thinking of the fifty and more ministers who may carry into their Churches the baptism of fire which so truly descended upon them. Let us pray in our Churches that they may be instruments in God's hand, and that their faith may not fail. — *Christian Standard.*

LADIES' AND PASTORS' CHRISTIAN UNION.

(Abstract from Annual Report.)

Forty of the largest and strongest Annual Conferences have organized Conference auxiliaries, and selected competent officers to carry forward the work within their bounds; and under their leadership the work is being carried forward with great success. The reports of local societies are highly encouraging, but many of them are informal, and add nothing to the figures of the report.

In many cases whole villages have been swept by revival influences, through the prayer-meetings in private houses and the direct personal appeals of the workers sent out by the pastors into the homes of the people.

The real work of the Society cannot be expressed in figures, as not more than one in ten of the societies report their work in detailed terms.

The work capable of being expressed in the statistics furnished, gives the following:—Number of families visited, 37,422; unconverted persons appeared to, 11,544; who seldom or never attend church, 4,634; sick visited, 2,001; poor helped, 1,821; children brought into Sabbath-school, 1,750; children clothed for Sabbath-school, 162; tracts distributed, 235,764; meetings held, 1,191; additional members reported, 2,673; amount of money raised and expended in local societies, \$1,519.80.

The following address has been issued by the Board:—
To the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church:—

During the few years since our organization enough has been accomplished by it to demonstrate its efficiency as well as the divine inspiration. The good achieved is of a three-fold character. First, thousands of other-

wise neglected persons have been ministered to, and persuaded to attend the Church and the Sabbath-school, many of them ceasing to do evil, learning to do well, and not a few embracing the saving truth of the Gospel—which is the main object of our organization. In the second place, the individual workers in this enterprise have found spiritual profit not to be found in any other way. Feeding others, they have themselves been fed, and many have grown very strong. And, in the third place, the Churches employing their instrumentalities, besides the addition of numbers thus brought in, have taken on a remarkably healthy tone, and realized vast increase of power and vitality.

Hence we urge those Churches not yet adopting this means to early organize such members as have a mind to work. The essential secret of a successful Church is that every member have something to do. With our polity and doctrines, our various popular methods, if there be any reason why we do not take the world for Christ it will be because we do not act out our denominational theory of keeping our whole membership at work.

This Union furnishes a most excellent plan for organizing and rendering efficient a vast amount of wasted working power. Let their method be adopted in all our Churches, and unquestionably the Churches themselves will be marvelously quickened and invigorated; and more than this, thousands and tens of thousands of such as are now ready to perish will be everlastingly saved.

The Union has no system for raising funds, nor does it contemplate the expenditure of money much beyond the mere cost of maintaining the organization. But it is hoped that the benevolently disposed in our congregations and the Unions in the individual Churches will see that these moderate demands are met.

WRONG END FOREMOST.

BY REV. T. A. GOODWIN.

Its synonym, in this case, is not that of the locomotive as first seen by a rural Whig of thirty years ago, who had been sadly tormented by the dodging of his political opponent from one thing to another. Looking at the wonderful machine, as it moved first one way and then the other, and not exactly catching its name, he said, "I know now why they call them 'loco-focos.' They can run as well one way as the other—any way, to suit the occasion!" Its better alternate is the Yankee expression, "the cart before the horse," which means that it will not go that way at all.

Not long since I heard a zealous brother haranguing his congregation on liberal giving. After explaining the claims of his cause, he broke out in a spiritual exhortation, saying, among other things of like import, "get more religion, brethren, and your purse-strings will relax of themselves. Get the love of God in your hearts, and the money will come from your purses without trouble!" This was such a mischievous heresy, and having an abhorrence of all heresies, I asked the privilege of exhorting a word, whereupon I said that the object of the collection was a very worthy one, but the brother had hitched up his team, putting "the cart before the horse," in such a way that he was not likely to get much collection or much religion. God's method of taking a collection was just the reverse of this. "Bring your tithes into the storehouse," says God, "and I will pour out a blessing." If men predicate their giving upon having been spiritually blessed first, they are not apt to give much, or be blessed much, either.

Is it not high time that theology such as this should be wholly discarded? Ought we not rather to teach, as Christ did, that love and obedience go hand in hand? and that, in order of sequence, the joy, the blessing follows the discharge of duty? If there is any enterprise which has any claim upon our substance, whether it be a loaf to the hungry, a contribution to the pastor's salary or to the mission work, it is wicked to reverse God's order, and to teach that He will fill us with His love before this duty is discharged. It is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural, and as mischievous as it is wicked.

When the Church shall have attained its maximum strength every new accession will begin a religious life with the idea which gave force to the Christian character of Paul. When hastily viewing the life past, and that which yet lay before him, there was no stipulation as to joy or peace or prosperity. His whole purpose was embraced in his sincere inquiry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" A doing Christian is a believing and a happy Christian. Bring your contributions into God's *magna pars fuit*, much to my glee, and profit too, I trust. Bodily sight is denied this poor man, but his soul's vision is perfectly clear. His name is the synonym for piety. If you should meet him in the village, and ask him before whose house he was standing, he would tell you with rarely a mistake. But if you should ask him where he is in the bright life beyond, where there shall be no blindness, he would tell you in rapturous accents, and with most perfect assurance. He knelt to pray, one night, and this was one sentence: "O Lord! bless our dear pasture! and grant that when we get out of the way we may be willing he should reprove us in his weak and feeble manner!" One listener said "amen." Would not you call that more than an "average" meeting—for directness, if nothing else?

These illustrations explain what I mean. If a soul has the Holy Ghost, no matter about the crudities; they

LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

Since the session of our Conference, at Mattoon, matters go on about the same as usual.

Sober reflection has perhaps turned the edge of the rather sharp words of the Bishop and Missionary Secretary, in regard to missionary collections. The panic found many of our people carrying all the debt they could manage in times of commercial confidence. The amount of Eastern capital represented

by mortgages covering our rich acres is truly appalling to a Western economist. Extraordinary endurance under heavy interests, mutual helps among friends, and patience on the part of money-lenders solves the problem of the solvency of many to-day. No man not personally conversant with Western ways can comprehend our eager spirit of investment, *fortitude in speculation*, and present embarrassment.

It was much easier for us to raise the larger amounts of other years than the \$16,000 of this year. Probably we ought to have been whipped six or seven years ago. It is no comfort to us that rich Conferences, further east, have been equally delinquent. They who demur to the censure are equally dissatisfied with our fathers in the Gospel about this failure to meet the assessment for missions, and will be foremost in zeal in meeting the wants of the Missionary Society.

The first session for the year of Quincy District Conference was held in November, and closed with a temperance meeting, in which earnest speeches were made, and strong resolutions adopted, in favor of separation from leading parties and co-operation with the Prohibition party.

The Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, is prospering as never before. Experience proves the wisdom of the admission of ladies.

The Law School succeeds finely. T. I. Coultais, a junior, in the recent contest of the colleges of the State won the prize for excellence in oratory.

The friends of the institution will regret to learn that B. S. Potter, A.M., Isaac Funk Professor of Agriculture, is about to leave. He goes to the Kirksville Normal School of Missouri. His estimable lady, Mrs. Adia Potter, was the Prohibition candidate in the recent election for State Superintendent of Public Instruction. She won golden opinions in lecturing.

Johnson College, formerly Quincy German and English College, is gaining rapidly in students and in favor with the people. Rev. E. W. Hall, A.M., the very gentlemanly and earnest President, is making hosts of friends for himself and his school wherever he goes.

There is a movement among the Catholics for the purchase of the Gov. Wood mansion as a residence for their Bishop, who now resides at Alton. They have several institutions of learning and benevolence here, and to them the residence of the Bishop is a matter of importance.

The revival movement, which will doubtless extend all along the lines, has already begun. The key note sounded in one of the Charges, is "two hundred souls for Jesus." Superstition, worldliness and rationalism cannot resist the power of the Gospel.

J. G. LITTLE.

Quincy, Ill., Dec. 1, 1874.

"THE AVERAGE PRAYER-MEETING."

BY REV. W. T. WORTH.

I am reminded of what one of my brethren says of the effort to organize a Church in Pelham. At the meeting held to effect the object name after name was set aside because of real or fancied unfitness, when some one arose and said, "stop! if it is foreordained that the Lord shall have a Church in Pelham it will have to be made up of such material as we have; but if we go on in this way there won't be any body to compose the Church!"

The late writer on "The Average Prayer-Meeting" dealt not with the actual but with the ideal Church. The truth is, we must use what we have, though perhaps not always with full content. It is true there are some in almost every Church who push themselves to the front, and frequently talk to mortification, to the exclusion of better men and women; and it is also true that some of the Lord's chosen ones have not had a chance for culture; they may be uncouth, but they are honest; and everybody believes that to be better than polish without honesty. I remember a good old man, on one of my Charges, who, converted late, and having to stem the whole tide of past habits, had also to bear the burden of an unsympathizing, godless wife. He came to the parsonage prayer-meeting, and kneeling to pray, began to unfold his home trouble to the Lord, when he suddenly seemed to remember where he was, for he quit his particulars and his prayers by saying, "but, O Lord, Thou knowest."

"The least said is the soonest mended; Nothing said, nobody offended." When a man caps such an earnest prayer as his was with such a plain maxim—always applicable—the hour has more than "average" interest.

I remember another, and this *magna pars fuit*, much to my glee, and profit too, I trust. Bodily sight is denied this poor man, but his soul's vision is perfectly clear. His name is the synonym for piety. If you should meet him in the village, and ask him before whose house he was standing, he would tell you with rarely a mistake. But if you should ask him where he is in the bright life beyond, where there shall be no blindness, he would tell you in rapturous accents, and with most perfect assurance. He knelt to pray, one night, and this was one sentence: "O Lord! bless our dear pasture! and grant that when we get out of the way we may be willing he should reprove us in his weak and feeble manner!" One listener said "amen." Would not you call that more than an "average" meeting—for directness, if nothing else?

These illustrations explain what I mean. If a soul has the Holy Ghost, no matter about the crudities; they

will be sloughed off in time, or they may be essential to the success of these very same brethren. Sampson fought successfully with the Philistines, and it was not the last time the Lord slew His foes "with the jaw-bone of an ass." I feel sometimes like thanking God for oddities of expression when I know that a consecrated heart is underneath them. They jostle us out of our extraneous ways; they sometimes clarify truth which has been muddy with over verbiage; they act all the man. "Every man in his own order."

But when an egregious, unsanctified blunderer talks, that is quite another thing. I remember a man whose name was not a synonym for piety, who in a consequential way arose in a union service (this man did not happen to be a Methodist), and remarked, "something has been said about the blind man cured by the Saviour. I have been thinking of the passage that says, 'there is none so blind as them that won't see!'" He tacked another leaf into his Apocrypha, though the idea may be canonical. He makes me think of the boy who was asked if he could write a Scripture passage, and replied, "yes, sir! 'If any man hauls down that flag, shoot him on the spot!'" He had inadvertently selected Gen. Dix's famous war order. The man spoken of could plead neither the boy's ignorance nor his patriotism for his blunder.

Now, such an offender deserves to be indicted for assault and battery on a prayer meeting, and to be sentenced to be imprisoned (as to his tongue) until he studies the Scriptures. But aesthetic people will have to bear with those of the other class. It pleases the Lord to convert all the polished, intellectual people who will come to Him; and it pleases Him to convert many who cannot write first-class poetry, or conduct magazines, or do brilliant scientific service. In all times He has revealed His grace "unto babes" in worldly wisdom. The broad university seat is not in the possession of tens of thousands who have the signet of the Master; it is a wide expanse over which towering intellects range are denied them; yet they are adepts in plunging into that shoreless fountain.

"Where all our thoughts are drowned." The fragmentary sentences which sometimes constitute their prayers are very pleasing to the Lord, though they may not be neatly dove-tailed, according to Webster and Blair.

There are exceptions on either hand, toward extra intelligence and extra ignorance; but the rank and file of our Churches have robust common sense, and the good art of putting their longing toward God and their love toward man into appropriate, if not eloquent or flowery phrase.

But, really, while we have been anxious that prayer-meeting machinery should have all possible polish, and run without jar or friction, and have been busily looking at rods, and bearings, and belts, have we not taken our thought somewhat away from the power which is to move it all? To change the figure, while we have been busy thinking what sort of a furnace shall heat the prayer-room, have we thought enough of the holy fire which is needed to warm our souls to the fervor the Master asks? While we have raised our committees to see that everything essential to the furnishing of the rooms has been pressed into service, have we sufficiently prayed and expected that the Holy Spirit will come "as a refiner and a purifier of silver" and adorn the inner temple—our hearts? What are all these, without Him? Shall we be among those of whom Mr. Arthur speaks, who "begin to desire something more alluring, less distressing to the sensitive, more acceptable to the sodden, more attractive," as the phrase is? Such you will find an absurd combination of strength and feebleness—gunners working heavy guns, but with silver barrels, and scant powder, and balls of frozen honey."

The spiritual barometer indicates, not "clearing weather," but "heavy showers" whenever they are waited for. These are our "average" want. There is no reason why "the average prayer meeting" should not be a place of mighty power.

Our Book Table.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have just issued a book of peculiar interest and value to Biblical students. It is entitled *ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES; An Account of Explorations and Discoveries on the Site of Nineveh, During 1873 and '74*. It forms a large octavo of 460 pages, with maps and numerous illustrations. The publishers remark, in introducing this scholarly volume to the attention of Christian students and readers: "It will be remembered with the liveliest interest the excitement caused, a year or two ago, by the publication of the translation of some inscriptions deciphered by Mr. Geo. Smith, of the British Museum, from Assyrian tablets in that institution. The tablets in question were found to bear inscriptions giving the Chaldean account of the Noachian deluge. Such singular and unexpected confirmation of the accuracy of this part of the Biblical narrative at once attracted wide attention, and, with the permission of the authorities in charge of the British Museum, Mr. George Smith was at once commissioned by the London Daily Telegraph to go to the East to make further researches, in the hope that the remarkable record might be completed. Mr. Smith, during 1873 and '74, accordingly made two journeys to Assyria, and his explorations on the site of Nineveh were rewarded with notable success. Missing parts of the tablets bearing the record of the deluge were found, so that the account was reproduced as the Chaldeans had it, almost intact; and besides this, numerous other exceedingly interesting inscriptions were brought to light, and are for the first time translated in this remarkable volume. Woodcuts exhibit the character of some of the relics which Mr. Smith unearthed, and maps show the route he traveled and the places he visited, and the most

important tablets are reproduced by the infallible aid of photography. To scholars the volume is invaluable; to the student it is of deep interest; and the general reader will find much in it extremely curious and instructive." The publishers deserve thanks for the handsome form and reasonable price (\$4.00) in which it is presented to American readers.

Mrs. Lydia S. Rotch left the sum of fifteen thousand dollars to trustees, to be used at their discretion for the benefit of the Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) in the United States. These gentlemen, with a wisdom that merits imitation, devoted the fund to the publication of the writings of the founder of the Church—Emanuel Swedenborg. As the first-fruits of it they send forth from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. *THE APOCALYPSE REVEALED*. This work is published in two neat duodecimo volumes of about five hundred pages each, with a full index. They contain the "spiritual sense" of this difficult book, as it was disclosed by direct communication from heaven, as he doubtless sincerely believed, to the great Swedish scholar and theosophist. The present work was written in Latin, and published in 1790, after his death. The present is a new translation from the Latin by Rev. T. B. Haywood, revised by that accomplished scholar and excellent minister, Rev. John Worcester, of Newton. For a pretty clear idea of the nature of the interpretation of the Scriptures by the Church of the New Jerusalem, and of the spiritual views relating both to the present and the life to come, which are held by its disciples, these volumes will afford ample material.

It seems a singular title of a volume giving an account of an ice-bound country near the North Pole, that it should be called "The Island of Fire." But it is an appropriate appellation, nevertheless, of the strange volcanic masses of rock, with their intervening rich valleys and bursting fountains of heated water, known as Iceland. Rev. P. C. Headley has seized the occasion of the late millennial celebration of the settlement of Iceland to gather up, from an abundance of accessible material, the story of the early visits, the first permanent establishment, and the growth of the mythical records of the old Norsemen, together with the later fortunes, the present condition of the island, and the remarkable Jubilee Celebration of last summer. The volume is entitled *THE ISLAND OF FIRE; or, A Thousand Years of the Old Norseman's Home*. It forms a handsome, illustrated duodecimo of 340 pages, and costs the publisher, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., a very reasonable and instructive book. We heartily commend it to our youthful readers.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, announce that by a recent purchase they have become the sole proprietors of the American "Revised Edition of CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA," and are thereby enabled to offer the work at much lower rates than hitherto. In the course of its recent thorough revision, the American edition was edited with the special view of supplying the wants of American readers.

THE QUARTERLIES.

The quarterlies come with the opening of the year freighted with valuable and well-digested reviews of the literature, science, and politics of the hour.

The *North American* is specially practical and pertinent to current thought. W. B. Hazen gives an elaborate paper upon the character of the great middle region of the United States, which is far from encouraging as to the probability or even possibility of its supporting a large population, and thus rendering valuable the stock of the competing lines of prospective railroads, especially that of the Northern Pacific. Francis Parkman gives an appreciative paper upon the great work of Mr. H. H. Bancroft, upon "The Native Races of the Pacific Slope," of which we have heretofore spoken editorially. James Freeman Clarke has a very interesting review of Vice-President Wilson's "Risk and Fall of the Slave Power in America." Francis A. Walker writes with a steady and strong hand upon the irritating and long-discussed question of the relation of labor to capital, considering the "Wage-Fund Theory." Charles F. Wingate gives another chapter in his vigorous portraiture of the New York Ring and its personnel. The chapter of notes upon current literature is not the least interesting of this valuable number.

The *Bibliotheca Sacra* starts off with an article from President Hill upon "The Natural Sources of Theology." Dr. W. M. Thomson, of the Syrian Mission, has an instructive paper upon "types and symbols." Prof. Gould, of Newton, considers the meaning of the New Testament term *sarx*, translated "the flesh." Rev. Mr. Burrage writes a pleasant, very suggestive sketch and sketch of Meyer, the German commentator. Professor Wells, of Canada, compares once more with the question of the physical value of prayer. Rev. C. E. Park reviews in a very thoughtful manner certain modern theories upon the "significance of sacrifices." Prof. J. P. Lacroix presents the views of the late Prof. Roth upon the limitations of divine foreknowledge. The seventh article is an exegesis of Matthew 13, by Dr. Biesenthal. Prof. Smyth, of Andover, notices the attempts to locate the house of Pudeus in Rome. Rev. D. T. Fluke reviews the last work of Dr. Bushnell—"Forgiveness and Law." The closing article is by Dr. J. P. Thompson, giving a new theory of the Exodus. The critical notes are always valuable.

The *New Englander* opens with a very valuable paper upon "Confucius," by Rev. Selah Merriam, of Adams. Frederick Jackson Turner, reviews with an even hand Herbert Spencer's attempted reconciliation of "Religion and Science." D. M. Means writes practically upon the pardoning power. President Sturtevant has his opportunity with Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma." Prof. Packard presents the comparative merits of Grote and Curtius. Dr. Tarbox writes a valuable paper, with Dr. Bacon's "Genesis of the New England Churches" as a starting point. Prof. E. H. Gillett has an able paper upon "The Genesis of Rights in Natural Law." Dr. Thompson's address in the American Chapel in Berlin, on Thanksgiving Day, is the closing paper. Its subject is "The Heroic Age of America, and Its Legacy."

The *Baptist Quarterly* has eight articles and a chapter upon current literature. The topics are: "American Baptists, Ministry One Hundred Years Ago," "Prof. Tyndal's Belfast Address," "The Paraclete," "Scientists and Theologians," "Hildebrand," "Dramatic Element of Pulpit Oratory," "Origins of the Human Race," "Exegetical Studies." The present number is fully abreast of the high average attained by its predecessors.

NEW MUSIC. G. D. Russell & Co. publish "Ruth and Naomi; A Scriptural Story" (words from the Bible), with an organ or piano-forte accompaniment, composed by Leopold Damrosch.

Oliver Ditson & Co. issue "Perkins' Anthem Book; new music for opening and closing services, and for public occasions, by W. O. Perkins.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

Our Missions.—Never was there a time when the Methodist Episcopal Church was called upon to give more special attention to her missionary work than at present. All her home and foreign missions are enjoying remarkably the divine blessing. "Send us more missionaries" comes from all parts of the mission field.

But how is this to be done? The Missionary Society is in debt, and in its embarrassed condition it can now do no more than to sustain the laborers already in the field. To reinforce the missions already established, or establish new ones, is out of the question. Shall this state of things continue? Ought it to continue a single day? We answer, no! there is no good reason why it should continue. The Church is abundantly able to support her present missions, add to their laborers as circumstances demand, and open new missions where the providence of God clearly calls her to do it. Let the wealth of the Church be consecrated to Christ, and the missionary treasury would be supplied with all necessary funds. A million of dollars, at least, would be raised for missionary purposes by the Church at once. When will the Church consecrate itself wholly to the world's salvation?

INDIA.—The missionary work is prospering in all parts of that great field. The Oude District Conference, recently met at Lucknow, embraces 44 members, and consists of the American missionaries and Hinduist helpers of the District. The reports presented give a most encouraging view of the work, and of its progress over the preceding year. Several persons had recently been licensed to exhort, principally among the natives. Four persons were licensed to preach at the Conference. The Lucknow Witness rejoices over the increase of the evangelizing agencies. Fields of labor were assigned to about thirty, exclusive of the missionaries. The statistics of the District are thus given:—Local preachers, 10; exhortors, 18; Church members, 268; probationers, 771; baptisms, 69; scholars in day-schools, 2,722; in Sunday-schools, 2,483; benevolent collections, 5,485 rupees; Church buildings, 7; preachers' homes, 13; school-houses, 17.

CHINA.—The Central China Mission held its second annual meeting at Kinkiang, Rev. V. C. Hart presiding. Several visitors were present, among whom were Rev. S. Appleton and wife, of Philadelphia, who are on their "round of the world" tour. The exercises were of great interest. Misses Hoag and Howe's school girls were examined, and showed good and rapid progress. Chen Hwang Shi, who had been employed as a colporteur, was recognized as a missionary helper. Rich spiritual influences rested on all of the services.

JAMAICA.—The United Scotch Presbyterian Church are raising for Jamaica a Jubilee Fund, for the education of a native ministry. After its 50 years of labor the mission has 26 principal stations, 86 out stations, 21 ordained ministers, 12 colporteurs, 54 teachers, and 5,572 communicants, and have spent on the mission \$926,000. The people now give annually about \$4 per member.

Missionary Notes.—A Presbyterian Synod recently held in China consisted of 27 missionaries and 37 native preachers.

The Hindus are making strenuous efforts to support their tottering system, and are preparing books in its defense, but are meeting with poor success.

The work realized under Rev. Wm. Taylor is increasing in interest. He has witnessed about 300 conversions at Madras.

The American Presbyterian Mission at Canton, China, has been in existence about fourteen years, and sixty five have been added to the Church within about a year and a half. A new Church edifice has recently been erected, seating about 600 persons; the audience averages about 400 persons.

There is considerable religious interest among the Mohammedans in the Persian mission at Oromohia. A few years ago the Nestorians dared not even acknowledge to their fanatical neighbors that they believed Christ to be God. Now the Nestorian helpers, in their conversation with Mohammedans, not only affirm the truth, but prove it to their hearers.

Rev. S. H. Davis, writing from the Ellice Islands in the Pacific, says: "Each island has its good stone chapel and teacher's house, and the services are well attended. Hundreds can read the Scriptures with fluency, and the progress those young Christian communities have made is a matter of wonder. The people give largely of their means for the support of missionaries."

It is seventy years since the London Missionary Society sent Rev. Robert Morrison to China, who began his labors in Canton. What has God wrought there during these seventy years? The Gospel is preached in 40 walled cities and 360 villages, embracing 400 stations and out-stations, with 400 native preachers, and 10,000 converts.

The Wesleyan Mission on the island of Tonga is enjoying great prosperity. The natives are becoming interested in the subject of religion. The social meetings are well attended, and multitudes are embracing the truth.

TEMPERANCE.

MR. BENDIGO'S GOOD FIGHT.

London Correspondence of the Boston Post.

Bendigo, otherwise more prosaic William Thompson, represents a generation past and gone. He was in his zenith, as a champion striker from the shoulder, when the Prince of Wales was himself too young to enjoy the many sport, and immediately succeeded that knotty race which constituted the glory of Fives Court, and which was pelted by Wales' great uncles of Cumberland, Sussex, and Cambridge.

There is a tradition that the royal and muscular Sussex himself used on occasion to strip to the waist and enter the ring for a bout, amid the applause of a mingled gathering of noblemen and fancy men.

Bendigo has not only been converted, but he has actually preached a fervid sermon; and has, moreover, unobscured himself with genial freedom to a gentleman who, in his turn, has published the suggestive interview. He describes Bendigo as 63 years of age, and to be rather more prepossessing in personal appearance than even decayed prize fighters are apt to be. "He has the cheery aspect," says the interviewer, "of an English country squire who has lived a life of unbroken serenity, and who, barring accident, may have a score of enjoyable years before him. His shoulders are immensely broad, and still as square as a plank, and the calves of his legs are hard almost as wood, and a fair sixteen inches about. He is light on his feet, and as active with his arms as a school-boy, and he has the laugh, and certainly the bright eyes of one—all evidence of a great physical power, and which are the more remarkable taken in connection with the fact that he has, in one sense, had everything against him all through his life."

THE FIGHTER'S STORY.

Bendigo, toasting his giant legs at a comfortable parlor fire, proceeded to unfold an autobiography full of piquant interest. He began with his "first set," at the precious age of sixteen, when he was a well-developed gamin of London, and to undertake which he was tempted by a "purse" collected from a crowd on Silston Common." Bendigo, though now a Christian and an exhorter, is not able wholly to repress the pleasure of glancing back over his triumphant career. There is still a leaven of the "old Adam" which impels him to exult in the fact that, between his first "mill," on Silston Common, to the great day when he vanquished the famous Tom Paddock, he was engaged "in twenty-one matched fights, and never was beaten in one." "What is more," continued bold Bendy, with a cheerful smile, "I never in my life had a hit on the nose hard enough to make it bleed, and in all my battles I never got a black eye. I've got a broken thumb, as you see, and I've got the bridge of my nose rather flattened, and one of my teeth knocked out, but that was through a kick in the face I got at foot-ball, many years ago. I've got part of my ear knocked off; Deaf Burke did that when I was six-and-twenty; and I've got a damaged big-toe; that Caunt did with a spike in his shoe. There's nothing else the matter with me, that I know of, 'cepting a broken knee cap, which lamed me for seven years."

A ROUGH LIFE.

Then the venerable ex-bruiser went on to tell how he had seen the inside of Nottingham jail seven and twenty times, and the newspapers were always announcing that "Bendigo is in trouble again." "When I was a boy," he goes on, "and up to the time I was a young fellow, my life was a rough one, and I saw any chap eating, and I was hungry, I'd take his grub away from him. O, yes, I'd do that; or, if I was dry, and had no money for a drink, I'd think nothin' of making free with somebody else's; but, you see, I never would do what you might call stealing anything. Well, I had been in quad seven and twenty times, and the twenty-eighth time was for the old game." He had a row at a public house, it appears, and was arrested, and so "Bendigo was in trouble again." Brought before the magistrates, he "knew 'em well enough, and they knew him." His description of their worship is vividly graphic. "There 's one on 'em, a hearty, John Bull kind of a man, that I took a likin' to, and always used to try and get round, and generally managed it, putting the matter to him in a man-to-man kind of way, 'dye see. There was another, a vinegar-looking, narrow-jawed cove, who was always hard on me." He was sentenced to two months, and it was while undergoing this that he became converted. "I took to thinking what a fool I was not to live quiet and comfortable on my pound a week, like another man." The prison parson, it appears, worked upon his prepared mind, and his sermons so impressed the prisoner that he was fairly won over to a life of piety and rectitude.

A NEW LIFE.

His description of the passages that particularly moved him is worth quoting in full: "Twice a day on Sunday we had to go to chapel—to hear the parson. I didn't care much for listening to such things in general, but somehow this Sunday I did. When I say somehow, I mean to say I couldn't but do it. It was just in my line. It was about the set-to between David and Goliath. And when the parson began to talk about the big 'un—how tall he was, and how proud and strong—I was all the time picturing him as being a man after the style of the big 'un I had fought three times—Ben Caunt that was—it and wondering how I should have got on in a stand up with Goliath."

Well, the parson went on and told us about the little 'un, about David, and about his pluck in facing the giant, though he had only a sling and stone to tackle him with. When he came to describe the fight, I listened with all my might—quite lost myself listening—and when it came to the wind up, and David floored the giant and killed him, without thinking I was in chapel, and that it was against the rules to say a word, I bawled out, 'Bravo! I'm glad the little 'un won.' It was very wrong, and what made it worse for me, all the prisoners and the wardens burst out laughing. The parson he turned away, but I could tell by the move of his shoulders that he was laughing too; which, perhaps, made it a little better. They thought it was a joke of mine; but it wasn't. I took it too serious for joking, and when I got home to my cell, and was quiet, I kept thinking about it, and about how somebody must have helped little David to lick the giant with his sword and armor, and about them old times when I used to ask that I might win the fight, that I might keep my old mother out of the workhouse. Well, it was as sing'lar as though it was done on purpose.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

"The very next Sunday the parson preached another sermon, which seemed hitting at me harder than the one the week before. It was all about the three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Bendigo, who was cast into the fiery furnace, and who was saved by the Lord from being burnt. O, yes, I've heard about that since; it wasn't exactly Bendigo who was the third man; but the name sounded like it to me, and I took it as such, though I didn't say anything to anybody. 'If one Bendigo can be saved, why not another?' I said to myself; and I thought about it a great deal more than anybody there thought, I'll wager. If I'd have told 'em I might have thought that the sermons was got up for me. It really seemed so. Sunday after Sunday I looked out for something about me in the sermon, and there it always was. After the one about the fiery furnace came one about the twelve fishermen. Now, I'm a fisherman myself. Bless you! I should rather think I was one of the best in England. I've won lots of prizes, and got a fishing rod that Mr. Walter, of the Times, gave me. Well, after that seventh sermon about the seven hundred left handed men in the Book of Judges; and I am a left-handed man. Of course I am. It was that what beat the knowing ones I have had to stand up against. Well, it was this always going on that made me make up my mind to turn as soon as ever I got out. It was on a Thursday, and in the winter, and when I was let out at the jail door there was my old friends kindly come to meet me. 'Come along, Bendy, old boy,' they said, 'we've got something to eat and something to drink for you already. Come along! But I had made up my mind, and wasn't to be shook; so I turned round, and I see, 'look here, I never will eat or drink along with you or along with any man in a public house again as long as I live. I've done with it.'"

LEARNING TO READ AT 63.

He abandoned drink of all kinds. "Ever since that time," he says, "not a drop of beer or spirits has passed my lips, and I never felt healthier or stronger, or more lively than I do now. I've tried the right road for two years, but I ain't much of a hand at preaching yet, because I can't read; but I'm learning to read fast as I can, and then I shall get on better." At 63 Bendigo is learning his A B C, and in order to preach. Certainly it is rarely that such a story, with such a sequel, sees the light; and its evident sincerity and truthfulness appeal strongly to the approving sympathy of the reader.

SCIENTIFIC.

M. de Lesseps, the projector of the Suez Canal, states that he has not abandoned his project of a trans-Asian railway, crossing the Himalayas. The prismatic colors have been chemically produced in the form of sheets, representing the finest pearl, in which purple, blue, golden yellow, pink and green possess the beauty and lustre of the finest polished shell.

One of the secretaries of the British Legation reports to his government, that "in every important branch of industry the American manufacturers seem to be ever gaining on their competitors of the Old World, by availing themselves to the utmost of every advantage of improved process of labor-saving machinery which American or other invention may offer." Whether or not a reduced cost of living shall ever be attained, one cannot doubt that under sound conditions of production, American industry will not only supply its home market in most articles, but will also become a formidable competitor in foreign markets in many articles.

The Westinghouse brake has till recently been under the exclusive control of the engineer. Now it can be applied to the entire train by any person in any car; while the train, in case of derailment, also applies the brake to itself, adding an immense impeding force to the obstacles which it otherwise encounters.

Silver wire is run through plates of rubies to the length of 170 miles, the most delicate test detecting no difference in diameter in any part. Gold and platinum is drawn to a "spider line" for the field of a telescope, by coating these metals with silver, drawing them down to the finest number, and then removing the coating by acid, leaving the almost imperceptible interior wire so attenuated that ten miles of it only weighed one ounce!

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

February 1, 1875.

Wheat—Superior, \$1.25 @ 1.30; extra, \$1.35 @ 1.40; No. 1, \$1.40 @ 1.45; No. 2, \$1.45 @ 1.50; No. 3, \$1.50 @ 1.55; No. 4, \$1.55 @ 1.60; No. 5, \$1.60 @ 1.65; No. 6, \$1.65 @ 1.70; No. 7, \$1.70 @ 1.75; No. 8, \$1.75 @ 1.80; No. 9, \$1.80 @ 1.85; No. 10, \$1.85 @ 1.90; No. 11, \$1.90 @ 1.95; No. 12, \$1.95 @ 2.00; No. 13, \$2.00 @ 2.05; No. 14, \$2.05 @ 2.10; No. 15, \$2.10 @ 2.15; No. 16, \$2.15 @ 2.20; No. 17, \$2.20 @ 2.25; No. 18, \$2.25 @ 2.30; No. 19, \$2.30 @ 2.35; No. 20, \$2.35 @ 2.40; No. 21, \$2.40 @ 2.45; No. 22, \$2.45 @ 2.50; No. 23, \$2.50 @ 2.55; No. 24, \$2.55 @ 2.60; No. 25, \$2.60 @ 2.65; No. 26, \$2.65 @ 2.70; No. 27, \$2.70 @ 2.75; No. 28, \$2.75 @ 2.80; No. 29, \$2.80 @ 2.85; No. 30, \$2.85 @ 2.90; No. 31, \$2.90 @ 2.95; No. 32, \$2.95 @ 3.00; No. 33, \$3.00 @ 3.05; No. 34, \$3.05 @ 3.10; No. 35, \$3.10 @ 3.15; No. 36, \$3.15 @ 3.20; No. 37, \$3.20 @ 3.25; No. 38, \$3.25 @ 3.30; No. 39, \$3.30 @ 3.35; No. 40, \$3.35 @ 3.40; No. 41, \$3.40 @ 3.45; No. 42, \$3.45 @ 3.50; 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in the interest of the Sabbath-schools, for he was for years the very popular and admirable superintendent of the school connected with his Church. He was a quiet, unostentatious man, making no demonstration of his natural ability and true piety. But he was known, and read by all that met him. He bore "the marks of the Lord Jesus," and he won young and old to the Saviour by his gentle spirit. He was sharply disciplined by worldly trouble in his last years, but

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.

Sunday, February 14.

Lesson VII. Joshua viii, 30-35.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

EBAL AND GERIZIM.

Leader. 30 Then Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in mount Ebal. School. 31 As Moses the servant of the Lord commanded the children of Israel, as it is written in the book of the law of Moses, an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lifted up any iron.

L. And they offered thereon burnt offerings unto the Lord, and sacrificed peace offerings.

S. 32 And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel.

L. 33 And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side, before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger as he that was born among them;

S. Half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel.

L. 34 And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law.

S. 35 There was not a word of all that Moses commanded which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them.

Success again crowned the arms of Joshua. Sin having been signally punished, the God of battles marched once more at the head of His people, and gave them victory. At fell an easy prey, and the conquering army pressed right forward into the heart of Canaan. Their line of march was almost due north from their last battle-field, and their advance seems to have been wholly unmolested by the terror-stricken inhabitants.

Then Joshua built an altar. Joshua hastened to fulfill the commands of Moses, Deut. xxvii, 2-8. Ebal is distant about thirty miles from Jericho, Jericho and Ai were the capitals of two kingdoms, that lay in the path of his march to this mountain. These had both fallen, and he had now an unobstructed way to that spot designated by Moses as the place for his altar. All his movements thus far had reference to this lesson, and were a preparation for it.

Mount Ebal. Mount Ebal is the culminating point of a chain of hills. Its summit is, according to latest measurements, 2,700 feet above the sea and 800 feet above the plain. It lies north of Mount Gerizim, facing it, a narrow valley running between, in which lay the old city of Shechem, now called Nablous. Its sides are steep and broken. Limestone rock crops out in bluffs and precipices all the way up the slope, giving the face of the mountain a peculiarly barren and desolate appearance. Nevertheless there are fruitful terraces and blooming gardens clear to the summit. The mountain is both higher and steeper than Gerizim.

An altar of whole stones. Directions for building altars unto God are given in Exodus xx, 25. Whole stones are those that have not been shaped or polished by instruments and art, the rough, unshewn stones of the field. Doubtless these commands were given to prevent the stones from being carved into images of God, or devices to represent Him, and they are also typical of Christ, who is the stone cut from the mountain without hands, the unshewn stone, signifying the entire absence of all human culture or skill in His intellectual and moral formation. He was absolutely without any marks of earthly civilization. Like the stones of the hillsides, He was as God made Him. And yet all genuine culture comes from Him!

And they offered thereon. There is no mention of any sacrifices offered by the Israelites in Canaan before this time. If this was the first altar erected, it is a curious coincidence that it was in the same general locality as that one built for a like purpose by Abraham, when he first entered the promised land, Gen. xii, 7.

And he wrote there upon the stones. It is generally conceded that the stones on which the law was written were distinct from the altar before mentioned. They were cemented with plaster, and the law written in the soft mortar, which hardened with age. Such cement is exceedingly durable in that climate.

Dr. Thomson says he has seen such writings, two thousand years old, as distinct as when first inscribed. "The cement on Solomon's pools remains in admirable preservation, though exposed to all the vicissitudes of climate, and with no protection. The cement in the tombs of Sidon is still perfect, and the writing entire, though acted upon for perhaps two thousand years by the moist air, always found in caverns."

A copy of the law of Moses. Various are the opinions as to what this writing included. Some think only the Ten Commandments were inscribed; some, the blessings and curses pronounced by Moses; others, the whole body of instructions given in Deuteronomy. It is impossible for us to decide the extent of this inscription. From the statements made, however, we should think only the more essential duties enjoined were written on these stones. These would serve as reminders of the rest. If the greater were observed, the lesser would not be forgotten.

On this side the ark and on that side. The tribes were divided, six standing at the base of Ebal, and up its sloping sides, with the other six massed on the sides of Gerizim. The ark occupied a central position in the valley, surrounded by Levites.

As well the stranger — the proselytes to Judaism. These had been adopted

into the nation, and were a part of it. They were brought under the same conditions of blessing and cursing as the genuine stock of Abraham.

And afterwards he read all the words of the law. It is possible that Joshua himself read the laws of Moses, with the blessings and curses. The people in profound silence may have listened to the solemn language of precept and warning. It may be objected that such a vast multitude could not have heard the words of a single voice. But the acoustic properties of this valley are wonderful. "The first time I stood upon that lower spur of Gerizim," says Mr. Mills, "the whole scenery struck me forcibly, as if divine Providence had conformed its physical features on purpose to meet the requirements of the occasion." Mr. Mills placed his tent between the mountains, in a spot where the ark would most likely have been placed, and, ascending Gerizim, read the blessings of the law, and was distinctly heard by his companions both at the tent and on the sides of Ebal. A friend also read the curses from the terraces of Ebal, every word and syllable of which were distinctly heard on Gerizim. These facts prove that the voice of Joshua might have been heard by the nation in such an audience-room as this. Nevertheless, we would not limit this exercise to Joshua. In all probability the Levites on the side toward Gerizim read the blessings responsively with him, while at the conclusion of each the whole multitude shouted Amen; and then those toward Ebal read the curses in like manner, which were also followed by the thunder tones of public approbation. In any event, all heard and all understood, and all responded to the sacred ritual of Moses. This was equivalent to a formal covenant with God, accepting these laws, with their penalties, as the constitution of the new State. It was the Jewish constitutional assembly, composed of all, young and old, ratifying the fundamental law of the nation, and taking anew the oath of allegiance to their divine king. In all this is seen the mercy of God. These people, chosen to be the peculiar people of God, for the salvation of all nations, were low in morality, imbruted by generations of bondage, and full of sensuous inclinations. An abstract statement of truth and duty, such as would be appreciated by a people long accustomed to reflection and spiritual meditations, would have made little or no impression on them. They could only be deeply impressed by object teaching and sign language, or with outward circumstances so novel and startling as to strike whole nature with wonder and awe. Hence the mighty miracles, the gorgeous ceremonies and the solemn assemblies and the impressive worship. This gathering is but one of many of its class. It had a benevolent purpose, suited to the undeveloped mind of the age. The vast assembly was magnetic in itself. A nation, before whom rivers fled, and walls fell down, and all enemies were scattered, massed between such hills, must have felt the enthusiasm of the hour, and caught a sentiment of loyalty unknown before. In addition to these common feelings that arise on such occasions, the gross thunders of the Israelites must have been powerfully impressed with the sanctity of its laws, the unpeppable good of implicit obedience, and the awful results of willful or thoughtless rebellion. In such hours men are lifted above the ordinary plane of motive and purpose, and become inspired with higher sentiments. These desert-born sons of emancipated slaves were reconstructed in their spiritual convictions between the walls of Ebal and Gerizim. They sprang at once from spiritual childhood to maturity as they shouted their Amens across the valley. It is safe to say they marched away from this scene a better people than when they came, animated by higher motives and nobler purposes.

With the women and the little ones. No one seems to have been left at Gilgal. The whole nation was moved up to take part in this ceremony and covenant. Some might think the law dry reading for children, and doubtless in our day they would have been left at home; but the Israelites were deeply sensible of the value of their presence.

The scene, the echoing Amens, the solemnities of nature and of worship, were educational in themselves. It is not necessary that children understand the sermon, to be profited. The demand that sermons be brought down to the level of infancy, in order to secure their attendance at church, is as irrational as it would be to serve all food in nursery bottles. The impressions of the supernatural, the holy awe and mystery of divine worship are exceedingly advantageous to childhood, being just the class of feelings that need culture at that period. The worshiping faculty ought to be more fully developed in our youth, and it cannot be unless the little ones are taken to the more formal convocations of Christians. The Israelites were right in taking the little ones to hear God's laws, and feel the sentiments of that august assembly, though they may not have comprehended their significance. No modern Sabbath-school could have answered the purpose so well. Our children need the sense of the supernatural, and the solemn assembly worshiping God is just the place to give it.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTION.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, February 14.

1 What took place after Achan's punishment?

2 Where is Ebal situated?

3 What did Joshua build there?

4 Who told him to do it?

5 Describe Mount Ebal?
6 How was this altar constructed?
7 Why were altars to be made without the use of tools?

8 Was this the first sacrifice offered in the land?
9 Was the law written on this altar?

10 How was the law written on the stones?
11 What is said of the durability of cement in these countries?

12 How much of the law was probably written?
13 Describe the position of the people at this ceremony?

14 Who were the "strangers?"
15 Who probably read the law to the people?

16 Could he have been heard?
17 What part did the Levites take?
18 What part did the people?

19 Wherein is God's mercy shown in this?
20 What must have been the effect on the nation?

21 Why did they especially need such occasions?
22 Why did they take their little ones?

23 Why should children attend church?
24 Does the Sabbath-school, as conducted, answer the same purpose?

The Family.

WHITE ROSES.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

A white rose, swinging carelessly,
Fell from the parent stem;
So beautifully fair was she,
Sweet Nature's pearl-like gem.

An angel came might demand
The perfume 'round it shed —
A flavor of the better land,
To bloom beside the dead.

Emblems of spotless purity,
Where the bright roses are won,
Like Sharon's thornless rose, shall we
Bloom 'round the glorious One?

'Tis God's own stainless tablet,
Where His finger, in the light
Lays gems in Aaron's breastplate set,
Tells us to walk in white.

A TRIP DOWN BOSTON HARBOR.

BY MARY MORRISON.

And who do you think made up our party? Except the captain, his mate, and three or four ladies, all were blind!

Have you ever visited the Asylum for the Blind at South Boston? Have you ever gone through the school-rooms, any of you, and seen the curious raised maps and globes, where the scholars feel out their lessons? Have you seen that library of large volumes, where the letters are all stamped upon one side of the leaf, something like the initials on your note paper?

I am sure those of you who live in Boston have been to some of the beautiful concerts which they give, now and then, in their school hall.

I wish you all could see how patiently they work, studying out their lessons, getting out the right notes and chords on the pianos, wiring beads into all sorts of pretty shapes, crocheting mats, and even (among the older ones) working on sewing-machines, cane-seating chairs, weaving rugs and making mattresses.

One very interesting and curious scene I looked at, in one room, was two people, who could neither see, hear, nor speak, carrying on a conversation together. One of them was Laura Bridgman. How do you suppose they understood each other? Guess!

One holiday morning it was proposed that we have a fishing excursion down the harbor, and invite as many as we could of the blind boys. Two of them were good rowers, and in this case, contrary to the usual rule of "blind leaders of the blind," made excellent teachers of the others.

The sun shone bright, the sea was smooth, and we went rapidly and gaily along. Passing by Bug Light, which looked like a "castle in the air," we anchored not far from Fort Warren, took out our fish-lines, and began to fish.

One of the boys, after holding his line patiently for some time, and collecting slyly with his customer, at last shouted, "the first one! I've caught him!" and he is a rouser! Alas for the poor blind boy! We had to tell him it was only one of those dreadful, ugly, spiny sculpins. But as we sent it splashing back into the water, some one said, laughing, "some advantage to him in being ugly — all that saved his life!"

In "course of time" we caught a pollock, various scup, and perch. In the midst of our fun our captain called us to look. "I thought," he said, "that I knew every fish in the sea, but this spiteful fellow beats all I ever caught." And such an odd creature as it was; transparent and golden, then on a sudden turning to molten silver, moving about its tentacles, and spitting at us all the time. Well, his ugliness saved him; and if any of you go fishing in the harbor there is a chance that you may find him and see him for yourselves. Here and there brown heads of seals bob up and down in the water; but all these new and curious things we have to describe to our blind companions, as they cannot see them.

About noon, overhearing one of the boys say that his "inner boy was beginning to feel the need of refreshment," we proposed we should take up anchor and row to the island where we were to have our lunch.

After a bountiful repast we go back to our boat, spread the sail, and are off

on the blue waves again. But we have not gone far when,

"Hush! hark! a deep sound comes, like a rising knell!"

It is the sudden rushing of the wind; the white clouds become black; the waves throw their white caps at us, and our sail touches the water.

Hastily the captain draws it in, and with all their might the rowers bend to their oars, using all their muscle to bring us quickly to the nearest shore.

"A little while ago," some one says, "two men were killed by lightning who were taking refuge from the storm on one of these islands." Will their fate be ours? Far off in the distance we see the dome and spires of Boston, but clouds of smoke seem to be rising from it, denser and darker than the clouds.

But we have neared the shore of the island, and cast anchor. Wrapped in every available shawl and coat, we receive the chilly winds and falling rain, and philosophically "do as they did in Spain." What? Why, "let it rain." But now and then we look anxiously toward the city, and pray that we are not to be met with news of another conflagration.

Finally, after about an hour, the wind subsides, the clouds pass off, and also the smoke. The blue sky comes out, and we forget all our anxieties. Our boat goes dancing over the waves, and those of us who can sing keep time in our songs with the merry curves of motion.

Arrived at the wharf on our return, the first greeting is,

"Home safe, all of you? We have been watching for you for an hour. Such a gale! We were so afraid something might happen to you!"

"And how about Boston? Has there been a fire there?"

"No; but just before the rain the dust rose in volumes, and the air was so thick it was impossible to see."

So that was it, and Boston was not burned up, after all! We did not get drowned, or struck by lightning!

A few days after a letter came to me from one of the blind boys. Do you know how they write? They use a little frame, with an adjustable slide of brass, that they may be able to make their letters of the right size, and even. Sometimes they use the same letters that we do, and sometimes they prick in with a sharp instrument their own familiar lettering.

Dr. Howe has done very many things to teach the blind people how to live happy and useful lives.

Are there any blind persons living near you? Can't you do something to make their lives brighter and happier? Just think what it must be to live in a world perfectly dark — darker even than it seemed to us during the moon's eclipse, the other night.

Now try, won't you, whoever reads this, to make a little sunshine in the life of some blind person. If you all try wherever you are, the light you make will be something like the sun, shining in so many places at once. Now, boys and girls, shine! Give light to those who sit in darkness!

TESTIMONIES BY MRS. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

The processes of grace are rapid where there is a willing subject.

"Whosoever," is written on the outside of the door of mercy, and "whosoever" is written on the inside.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." "Whosoever ye shall ask in My name, I will do it."

Confessing with the mouth, as well as believing, is necessary to salvation. It is impossible to talk about salvation without believing with the heart.

God never gives a command to go forward without opening the way. If the first step but be taken in His strength, He will lead on to certain victory.

It is possible for a child to walk into the arms of Jesus on the promise "whosoever."

Shadows sometimes lead us to Christ; but when fully under the shadow of His wing we care little about the shadows outside.

Eternity is not alone in the future; it is living in the unseen. Eternity is here to those who realize unseen things.

Christ may become so much to us as to drive away every shadow, and fill every vacant room in our hearts. He can occupy the place from which the child went out — the solitary place — the room in which we have hung round, there to remain till we reach the pearly gates. He can take the place of husband, father, brother, child, and be all that the dear ones were to us. He suffices for heaven, and He can suffice for earth.

It is God's will that His people should no longer keep at a distance, and call Him "Baali" (my Lord), but enter into such near relations with Him as to call Him "Isi" (my husband), Hosea ii, 16.

In the midst of darkness the servant of the Lord may lean on Him, and though darkness be all around there is light in the dwelling on which the blood has been sprinkled.

As the eagle soars, and looks at the sun, so it is possible for the eyes of a Christian to be trained so as to look in the face of Jesus, and, beholding His glory, the life becomes radiant — is not darkened by the shadows of earth.

Every one should live up to their convictions, and not walk in the way Mr. All-powerful, or Mr. Fill-the-church, or your dearest friend may mark out, but in the way the Holy Spirit by the Word directs.

Independent revelation is the basis and corner-stone of fanaticism.

It is a great luxury to be little and very simple.

Though the billows roll over us, our lives may be fragrant with the incense of holiness.

The above thoughts are not mere sentiments, but are truths proven in the experience of God's little children — those who have become babes in Christ.

E. I. C.

SOMEBODY'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there, leaning wearily against the window frame;
Her face was pale, and sweet;
Her garments coarse and plain.
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend.
The red lips gave a curl;
"Really! I do not know her name;
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street,
With burdened trunk aloft;
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market-basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man — I thought a gentleman —
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye;
For there is no necessity,
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
To "some one's servant girl."

Ab, well! it is that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good
He will not mind the rest.
Nor question what the garments were
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
By toilsome reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl — Selected.

A LEGEND OF ST. ARNULPH.

Arnulph was the son of a physician. He was preparing himself for the calling of his father. One day he came to his father, and said: —

"Father, let me go into the cloister, and serve God."

But his father said, "thou dost well to wish to serve God. As a physician, thou mayest serve Him, and serve thy fellow-men also."

"To serve God is better than men," answered Arnulph.

"Pray this night for God's guidance, oh son. To-morrow I will do as thou wilt."

So Arnulph went and prayed God to receive him as His servant. And his eyes were opened, and lo! an angel, whose hands were full of roses.

"Behold," said the angel, "the offerings of those who serve God."

"And can I offer Him anything?" asked Arnulph.

"Lo! here in my left hand is thy offering also," said the angel.

Arnulph asked again, "why are the roses in thy left hand scentless? Those in thy right hand are full of fragrance."

But the angel answered, "in my left hand are their offerings who serve thy heavenly Father, but care not to serve His children. In my right hand are their offerings who serve God, and serve man also."

TOM HOOD TO HIS WIFE.

I never was anything till I knew you; and I have been better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay that truth by, in lavender, and remind me of it when I fail. I am not writing fondly and warmly; but without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrance of our dear children, pledges of our old familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflows of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing.

Perhaps there is an after-thought, that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, and excellence of all that is wisely or womanly, from my pen.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once.

You have troubles; so have others. None are free from them. Trouble gives sinew and tone to life — fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailors would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. What though things look a little dark? The lane will turn, and night will end in a broad day. There is more virtue in a sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom.

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FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

LITTLE JACK FEE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MATHER.

CHAPTER XII.

On another Sunday evening, when the children were all together, aunt Cassie asked Jack to repeat the new Commandment.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," Jack repeated.

"What is it to love the Lord with all the heart?" aunt Cassie asked.

"It is to love Him more than we do anything or any body else," said Jack.

"What is it to love our neighbor as ourselves?" "You may answer this, Josie."

"It's for boys to play fair, Miss Fee," said Josie, with a quick motion of his curly head.

My nine letters spell the name of an ancient city.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is to scoff.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, was a king.
My 9 expresses a large number.

Answer to last week's Enigma: Rejoice evermore.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Since the departure of Messrs. Moody and Sankey from Dublin the interest in the revival shows little abatement. Nightly services are held in most of the churches, and public meetings for young men.

An address, signed by 450 ministers and laymen of the Church of England, has been presented to Dr. Dollinger, thanking him for calling the Bonn Conference, and his admirable manner of conducting it. A similar address has been presented by the Anglo Continental Society.

A council composed of Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and delegates of other evangelical denominations, recently ordained Prof. G. H. Ashley, of Drury College, and Mr. E. F. Fales, of Andover Seminary, at Carthage, Mo.

The English revisers of the Old Testament completed their 27th session Dec. 18. The books of Samuel are completed, and up to Isaiah, verse 20 of chapter 1.

The New Testament company of revisers recently assembled in London for their forty-fifth session, and proceeded with the second revision of the Gospel of St. Luke, commencing at the fourteenth chapter.

Mr. Harry Morehouse, a lay evangelist from England, well known in Chicago, spent the Week of Prayer in Syracuse, giving Bible readings twice or thrice every day to immense congregations, and making a deep impression.

The room occupied every Monday morning by the Methodist ministers at their meetings in Chicago has been enlarged and furnished with new chairs and carpets. Of course a vote of deserved thanks was extended to Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, through whose agency this work has been accomplished.

The Baptist Committee gives an interesting sketch of the growth of the Church in this country since the Declaration of Independence, from 25,000 members to nearly one million and three quarters of members.

Gladstone, in a late edition of the *Quarterly Review*, says, "the British nation now repudiates the pretensions of the Papacy more eagerly and resolutely than it has done for many generations."

The 169 Churches of the Synod of New York, with 34,639 members, contributed in 1874 to the work of the Church \$306,893, or about one-fifth of the benevolent gifts of the entire Church.

The Beecher jury is composed of two Episcopalians, one Methodist, one Baptist, one Lutheran, two Roman Catholics, three Presbyterians, and two persons who are not members of any Church.

The students of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, have lately been favored with a discourse by Mr. Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court, on the relations of the civil law to ecclesiastical polity and discipline.

When the Tennesseans sang, a few weeks since, in St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, little Robert Wiley Jones, grandson of Bishop Wiley, something over five, was present, and seemed greatly to enjoy the pieces sang. He has died since, of scarlet fever. — *Western Advocate*.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Foochow Methodist Episcopal Mission took place at Sicking, 60 miles south of Foochow, Oct. 21, 26, 1874, in the hall where the ancestral tablets of the villagers are kept. After discussing the practice of binding girls' feet by native Christian parents, it was unanimously voted that the women be called together at the different stations, and their voluntary pledges obtained, if possible, against this practice. It was also decided to publish a Chinese Church paper. The name *Sung Sang Seil Chia* was selected; in English, *Zion's Herald*. The meeting was attended by sixty preachers and two women missionaries.

The *Times* correspondent at Berlin telegraphs that the Prussian bishops have been asked by the Vatican if it is possible to fill the vacant dioceses in Prussia without infringing canonical or Prussian laws. It is supposed that the Church is unable, under present circumstances, to fill the vacant livings, so great is the decrease of students in the theological seminaries.

The inquiries made by Rev. Dr. Warren, of Bedford Avenue Methodist Church, Brooklyn, respecting the hymns in our collection, are showing conclusively that we need less hymns, in a very cheap volume, so that every person in the temple may possess a copy of them. One report says a certain congregation has never used 926 of our 1227 hymns. Undoubtedly 300 well selected hymns would be ample for all practical purposes in the congregations of the land.

US ITEMS.

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The Farm and Garden.

HINTS ABOUT WORK.

Farm Machinery.—Next to land and live stock, machinery costs the most money—frequently more than the live stock. It ought to be carefully used and kept. Whatever implement has not been thoroughly cleaned, oiled, and put away, should now be attended to. Machinery will be used more and more, and a man of intelligence can use it most profitably. Farmers should therefore study mechanics, not only that they may know how to use and care for their machines, but how to improve them and invent new ones.

The Stables.—Liberal feeding is now needed. No stock should be allowed to lose now what they have made in the summer. On the contrary, they should be kept growing. And they may be, by proper feeding. Have exact measurements for the feed. Three quarts is a fair allowance for one ox or horse, or for two cows or four calves at each feed. A bushel basket of fine cut hay is an average for one horse or cow, or two calves at each feed. Give salt regularly, in small quantities.

Milk Cows. will have chapped teats, if they are not wiped dry after milking. The teats and udder should be washed and wiped dry previous to and after milking. If chapped, fresh lard will soften and heal them.

Sheep.—Irregular feeding will show in the wool. Every time the sheep falls off in condition there will be a weak spot in the fiber, and the wool will snap there when stretched. Wool buyers don't neglect to look for this, and the wool loses 5 or 6 cents a pound in value where they find it. Regularity in poor feeding is not so bad as good and bad feeding alternately. The sheep do not suffer so much. Half a pint of grain a day will keep sheep in good condition, with good straw or sweet corn-fodder. A little sulphur in the salt is a preventive of "stretches," which is simply indigestion.

Fattening Animals.—There is a point beyond which it does not pay to feed either hogs, sheep, or calves. When they fall off in their feed, feed is wasted. As long as young animals will eat well, it may pay to keep them. But full grown animals, when fully fat, will eat and eat, and keep stationary. It is well to keep a watchful eye upon such.

LIVE STOCK AND POPULATION.

Professor Thorold Rogers, of Oxford University, England, has made up a curious return of the proportion of domesticated live stock to population in the most prominent countries in the world. It shows the following results:

Great Britain has one cow to every twelve persons, a sheep for everybody, and one pig for every six.

France has a like proportion of sheep, a double share, comparatively, of cows, but only one pig to every six persons.

The Swedes have a cow between three and one-half of them, a sheep between two and three-quarters, and a pig to a baker's dozen.

There are as many sheep as there are Norwegians in Norway, when they are all at home, and two and one-half of them—the Norwegians—are entitled to a cow. They can have only one-eighth of a pig each.

Denmark has a cow for three persons, as many sheep as persons, and a pig for four and three-quarters persons.

Prussia, with her usual uniformity, has an equal number of cows and pigs, one to every five inhabitants, besides a sheep a piece all round.

Württemberg has quarter as many cows as people, a sheep to two and three-quarters, and a pig a piece to every seven.

Bavaria rates the same as Württemberg as to cows and sheep, and is as much better off for pigs as one-fifth is better than one-seventh.

Saxony has a sheep and a pig for every eight persons, and a cow for every six.

Holland has a cow to every four, a sheep to every four, and a pig to twelve persons.

Belgium, a cow to six, a sheep to nine, and a pig to eight (which is an Hibernicism).

water. This cuts the grease so that the acid has the power to act. This is a government recipe used in the arsenal. We may add to the above recipe, that first washing in clean water after dipping, and second in water in which aqua ammonia has been placed, to neutralize all trace of the remaining acid upon the surface of the brass, is an improvement upon the above process, which is, in all other respects, a good one. After dipping in the ammonia water and cleaning in the sawdust, if a good quality of lacquer be applied the effect is very fine. This process is excellent in preparing brass labels, stamped from thin sheets."

SECURING ICE.—I have seen published, at different times, descriptions of cheap ice houses. I wish to give, for the benefit of the readers of the *Advocate*, what I believe to be the best and cheapest way to secure ice; and when any one shall try it they will agree with me. Take as many cracker or sugar barrels as will hold the quantity of ice you want, put them near the well in freezing weather, turn in one or two pails of water into each barrel, and when frozen hard put in more, until full; then put the barrels in the barn, cover them up with straw, and when you want to use the ice knock off the staves from a barrel, and you have the nicest quality of ice, at the small expense of 8 or 10 cents a barrel.

I. HARRIS.
Hopewell Centre, Jan. 9, 1875.

CLEANING MOSS-COVERED STATUARY IN GARDENS, ETC.—It is recommended to first kill the vegetation by the application of petroleum and benzine, which will not injure the stone, and to remove it, when dried, by brushing, and finally rubbing with a rag.

SHEEP pay twice—once in their fleece, and again in their pelts and carcasses. Clover also pays twice—once in value as forage, and again in its power of ameliorating the soil, in bringing up from the depths of the soil renewed sources of fertility.

Domestic Recipes.
Meat Pudding.—To two cups of cold boiled hominy add three cups of chopped apple, the juice of two small lemons, one-third of a cup of sugar, and two-thirds of a cup of Zante currants. Mix very thoroughly, being sure not to have any lumps of cold hominy. Bake one hour or more in a moderate oven, or until of a light brown. Serve cold. Good for luncheon.

Lemon Pudding Sauce.—To the juice of one large lemon add one pint of water, boil and thicken with corn starch, say one spoonful, sweeten to taste, and add a little lemon essence if desired.

The American Fork Railroad (narrow gauge), near Salt Lake City, is 16 miles long, with a continuous grade of from 50 to 300 feet to the mile, and curve of 250 feet radius. The cylinders of the locomotive are 12x16, it has six drivers, weighs 17 tons, and takes a train of over 47 tons up these terrible grades in one hour and twenty-eight minutes per trip.

The account of trials of vigorite, a newly discovered explosive, at Stockholm, states that a charge of about eight ounces, made up in five cartridges, and deposited in an excavation, raised a block of stone of 163 cubic feet. It would have taken over fourteen ounces of dynamite to produce the same effect.

MM. Bert and Joylet, of Paris, assert that carbolic acid is a powerful poison, acting like strychnine in exciting the spinal marrow, increasing its sensibility at first, but diminishing or completely abolishing when the convulsive stage has exhausted the medulla. The phenomena are quite similar to those of chloroform, chloral, ether, woorara, and the section of a motor nerve.

In the year ending September 30, 1874, of 21,077 applications for patents received in the Patent Office at Washington, 13,545 patents were issued, 308 extended, 3,129 caveats filed, 5,287 expired, 2,680 were allowed, but not issued for want of the final fee, and 524 trade marks and 50 labels were registered.

Obituaries.
Died, in Mashpang, Conn., Jan. 3, 1875, MARTHA E., wife of Rev. G. W. Hunt, of the Providence Conference, aged 23 years.

She was converted under the labors of Rev. S. V. Cross, in 1870, and was received into the Church in 1872, by Rev. G. W. Hunt. She lived less than one year to cheer her husband in his work, after her marriage. Early has her mission ended below; but she lives in the memory and affections of kindred and numerous friends, who loved and prized her for her rare merits.

S. B. CHASE.
Died, in Addison, Me., Aug. 2, 1874, Capt. DIMICK WASS, aged 50 years and 21 days.

Early favored with the prayerful instruction of pious parents, when quite young he gave his heart to the Saviour, and some three years before his death publicly consecrated himself to God for time and eternity in baptism, and became fully identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Of few words, quiet and unpretentious in manner, true faithfulness and Christian kindness characterized his life. The business world has lost an honest, faithful, and capable shipmaster; the community a beloved citizen, neighbor and friend; surviving brothers a dear brother; and the Church a useful and worthy member; but the affliction falls heavily on an only son and two daughters, who but a few months previous followed the remains

of a dear mother to the grave, beside which a father is now so soon laid. May the God of the parents be the children's God, "the home of the blest" theirs and ours forever!

S. M. DUNTON.
Alexander, Jan. 18, 1875.
Mrs. SARAH, wife of Amos Barnes, of Mystic, Conn., left us for the "better country" Aug. 10, 1874.

Sister B. maintained for many years a consistent Christian life. She was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a loyal member of the Church of Christ, greatly esteemed for her excellent traits of character. During the last year of life she was afflicted with total blindness, but grace triumphantly sustained her. Death found her ready for her crowning.

W. M. K. BRAY.
Died, in W. Newfield, Sept. 27, 1874, the residence of her father, Thomas Mitchell, AUGUSTA A. ROSS, aged 29 years.

When about 16 years old she was converted, and from that time maintained an irreproachable Christian character. Naturally of an amiable disposition, still, grace added a charm and a lustre to her natural virtues, which was seen and felt wherever she went.

Sister R. lost her husband suddenly, about two months after their marriage, some seven years ago, but with true fortitude she bore the bereavement, and endured this severe stroke of divine Providence. A few days before her death there appeared to be a change for the better, but she was not to recover. When asked if she was perfectly reconciled to the will of God, her reply was, "yes, I am ready for either life or death." In a day or so from this God took her.

J. E. BUDDEN.
LUCY ELLA HARDY died in Contoocook, N. H., Dec. 10, 1874, in the 25th year of her age, after some suffering, of a year's duration.

She had identified herself with the Church, but did not experience by faith in Christ perfect acceptance until this year of affliction. Then her faith gradually fastened on the Cross, and she was fully ready to depart.

Ellis was amiable, so as to make a life beautiful to all acquaintances. She was endowed by nature with attractive gifts of disposition; but when God's grace was added the life was indeed beautiful, and closed in full view of immortality.

J. B. ROBINSON.
Died, in Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 12, 1874, SARAH ANN, widow of the late David Seavey, aged 56 years.

Sister S. has lived in this place since the death of her husband, adorning the doctrine of Christ in all her ways. During her last sickness, which was caused by cancer, she said but little about it; but her absence from the means of grace showed that something more than common was the cause. When we learned it we found her fading as the dawn; but increasing pain only drew her nearer to Him who ever helps His people to endure unflinchingly the ills of life. Her patience and clear testimony were peculiarly profitable to those with her during her last days. She arranged her temporal matters, as every Christian should, and then patiently awaited the end; and when the Master came, joyfully went to be with Him, which is far better. **R. C. PARSONS.**

Fitchburg, Jan. 25, 1875.
Mrs. HANNAH, wife of Jas. G. Greene, died at Providence, R. I., Dec. 12, 1874, in her 63th year.

Sister G. was converted and baptized in the Spring of 1829, on Warwick Circle, R. I., under the labors of Rev. Francis Dane. She remained to the last an exemplary Christian. Little known at church (for she could seldom enjoy its privileges), her sphere of duty was at home, where she shone as the Christian wife and mother, giving her life to those around her. Toward the last her suffering was intense; but her soul was at peace, and longing to depart—her only regret being that the burdens which she had hoped to bear must now fall on others. She has passed beyond the burdens to the rest. She will be sadly missed, but chiefly by those who hope again to meet her.

E. M. S.
WARTLEY KIMBALL, father of Rev. Reuel H. Kimball, of the Maine Conference, died in Mercer, Me., Dec. 17, aged 75 years.

Brother K. gave his heart to God at a camp-meeting more than forty years ago, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, from which he went to rest in glory. He was ever ready in his office as an officer and member, to work for Christ and His cause. May his mantle fall on the stewards and members of the Church to which he belonged.

J. R. MASTERMAN.
Died, in North Yarmouth, Me., Dec. 18, 1874, SEWARD TITCOMB, aged 66 years and 10 months.

For nearly forty years Brother T. was an honored member of the North Yarmouth Methodist Episcopal Church. His piety was undoubted, and his earnest Christian worker, and for many years the chosen leader in the various Church enterprises. His duties (as a member in the stomach) was protracted, and his sufferings were great; yet grace triumphed. His one desire was to see one more revival, and God granted his request. A few days before his death a goodly company of young converts met in his room, and spoke of the joy and listened to his last exhortation. All who were present felt that "the chamber where the good man meets his fate is quite on the verge of heaven."

G. W. BARBER.
Died, in Monticello, Me., Dec. 28, MARY E. STAPPOLE, aged 34 years.

Sister Mary was converted three years ago, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. She lived by faith on the promises of God, and though a great sufferer, she enjoyed full salvation, and was ready to go, when told by her mother that she was dying. Just then the angels took her to her home above. May God bless the afflicted parents in their old age. **Be ye also ready.** **S. S. FRENCH.**

Monticello, Jan. 12, 1875.
Died, in Chelsea, Mass., Jan. 2, 1875, ALBERT IRWIN, only son of Albert and Caroline Dwight, and grandson of Rev. M. Dwight, aged 6 years and 16 days.

In this gifted little boy many traits of character combined to render him more than ordinarily interesting, joyous and happy. He had a remarkable facility for shedding sunshine upon all around him; he was quick to appreciate a kindness, and ready to return it; his mental powers led him to interest himself in subjects beyond his grasp, and, perhaps, developed his mind too rapidly for the frail body which encased it. Although he enjoyed children's stories, his mind was of such a peculiar mould that he was greatly interested in solid matters of fact and plain Bible truths. He committed to memory

Mudge's excellent "Easy Lesson Book for Infant Scholars," and half or more of our "Scripture Catechism on Temperance." His sense of right and wrong was remarkable, and seemed to control all his actions, and his estimate of others depended on their goodness. He not only feared God, but really seemed to love Him. Whenever asked whom he loved, he answered, "my papa and mamma;" but would add, "there is one who I love more than all my relatives in the world." I asked who it was, he always answered, in a whisper, "God."

The characteristic which endeared him most to those who knew him, was the depth of his affectional nature—a fountain never exhausted, though constantly flowing out to all. One of his last conscious acts was to call his grandfather to his bedside, saying, "I want to love you," and, throwing his arms around his neck, he embraced him with all the strength of his little frame, lavishing upon him a shower of kisses. Earth was loth to let him go, but heaven was glad to receive him.

COM.
Died instantly, in Franklin, Mass., Jan. 3, PETER FORD, aged 69 years.

Brother F. came from England 23 years ago, joining our Church at South Walpole, the attending church all day January 3d, he rode to his home, and was soon after found in his barn. He was one of the first members of our Church in Medway, and one of the most faithful in all offices—a good man; devoted, full of faith and zeal, greatly delighting in Methodism in its doctrine and enjoying largely the confidence of the community, and the esteem and love of the Church. He died in the Lord, and has left his widow and children and the Church the legacy of his character, and an example pointing them to the skies. **CROWELL.**

West Medway, Jan. 14.
Capt. SAMUEL FREEMAN died in Arrowe, Me., Jan. 8, aged 79 years and 10 months.

Brother F. experienced religion more than 44 years since, and soon joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, remaining a faithful member till death. His was one of those retiring lives, speaking more than words. His religion was found all-sufficient to sustain him in the hour of death. He joined the first class formed in the north part of Arrowe Island, then a part of Georgetown, and has lived to see most of its early members gathered home.

A. FLUMER.
Arrowe, Jan. 12, 1875.
Mrs. LUCY M. LEONARD was born in Monmouth, N. J., Dec. 1, 1804, and died in Stafford, Conn., Jan. 12, 1875, aged nearly 70 years.

She was converted when about 12 years old, but left Christ for some time, then returned, and was a deeply devoted Christian for many years in the Methodist Episcopal Church. She loved Zion's Herald, and read it much. Her voice was often heard for religion and for temperance. Having lived for Christ, coming to her end she said, "I am prepared. Her friends loved to speak of her; her memory is blessed. She was one of the four noble sisters of the late Rev. Horace Moulton.

W. SILVERTHORN.
THE ROAD TO HEALTH.
Cleanse the stomach, bowels and blood from all the acid, corrupt and offensive accumulations which produce functional derangement, and you remove the cause of most diseases which afflict the human family, and thus save large doctor's bills. The most effective and reliable remedy for this purpose is found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. No cheap wood or paper boxes, but kept fresh and reliable in vials.

High livers, those indulging in ease and pleasure, and those of sedentary habits, can prevent Boils, Carbuncles, Gout, Red Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Constipation, Piles, Dropsies, Biliousness, and other conditions induced by such habits, by taking from four to six of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets once a week, or better still, one or two each night. They are sold by dealers in medicines. **52**

CATARH.
Cured of Catarrh, Piles & Scrofula.
CLAREMONT, N. H., Feb. 12, 1875.
MESSRS. LITTLEFIELD & CO.:—Dear Sirs: I have used your Catarrh Remedy, and I have used four bottles of it for a disease called the Catarrh, which I have been afflicted with for many years. I have used your Catarrh Remedy, and I have used four bottles of it for a disease called the Catarrh, which I have been afflicted with for many years. I have used your Catarrh Remedy, and I have used four bottles of it for a disease called the Catarrh, which I have been afflicted with for many years.

J. PERKINS.
PRICE \$1 PER BOTTLE.—Sold by all Druggists. A Pamphlet of 32 pages, giving a treatise on Catarrh, and containing the names of the agents, sent FREE, by addressing the Proprietors, LITTLEFIELD & CO., Manchester, N. H.

INSTITUTION FOR Deaf and Blind.
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Office, Parkman House, BOWDOIN SQUARE, Boston, formerly 110 Court St.

Established in 1850. Operations and treatment for the various diseases of the Eye and Ear. Catarrh, Strabismus or Squinting, Pterygia, Tumors, and all other diseases of the Eye and Ear. Lids, Drooping of the Lids, Ophthalmia, Ulceration of the Eye, Anasarca, Operation for Artificial Pupils, and all other diseases of the Eye and Ear. A new and original method without a surgical operation, which has proved successful in every case treated for the past twelve years.

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TAPEWORM.
REMOVED in a few hours. No fear unless taken the entire worm with head is expelled. Cures all cases of Tape-worm, and all other intestinal diseases. Tumors, Epileptic Fits, Blood and Skin Diseases, and all Chronic Complaints successfully treated. Cures guaranteed.

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ADDRESS OR VISITING CARDS FOR 25 CENTS.
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SAVE THE CHILDREN!
Multitudes of them suffer, sicken and die, because of the Worms. The only known remedy for these most troublesome and dangerous of all worms in children or adults is Dr. Goodwin's Pin-Worm Syrup. Purely vegetable; safe; death to all worms; a reliable cathartic; and beneficial to health. Guaranteed.

WARRANT.
RAY, GEORGE S. CHADBOURNE, Pastor of Winthrop St. M. E. Church, Boston.

SEND FOR IT!
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